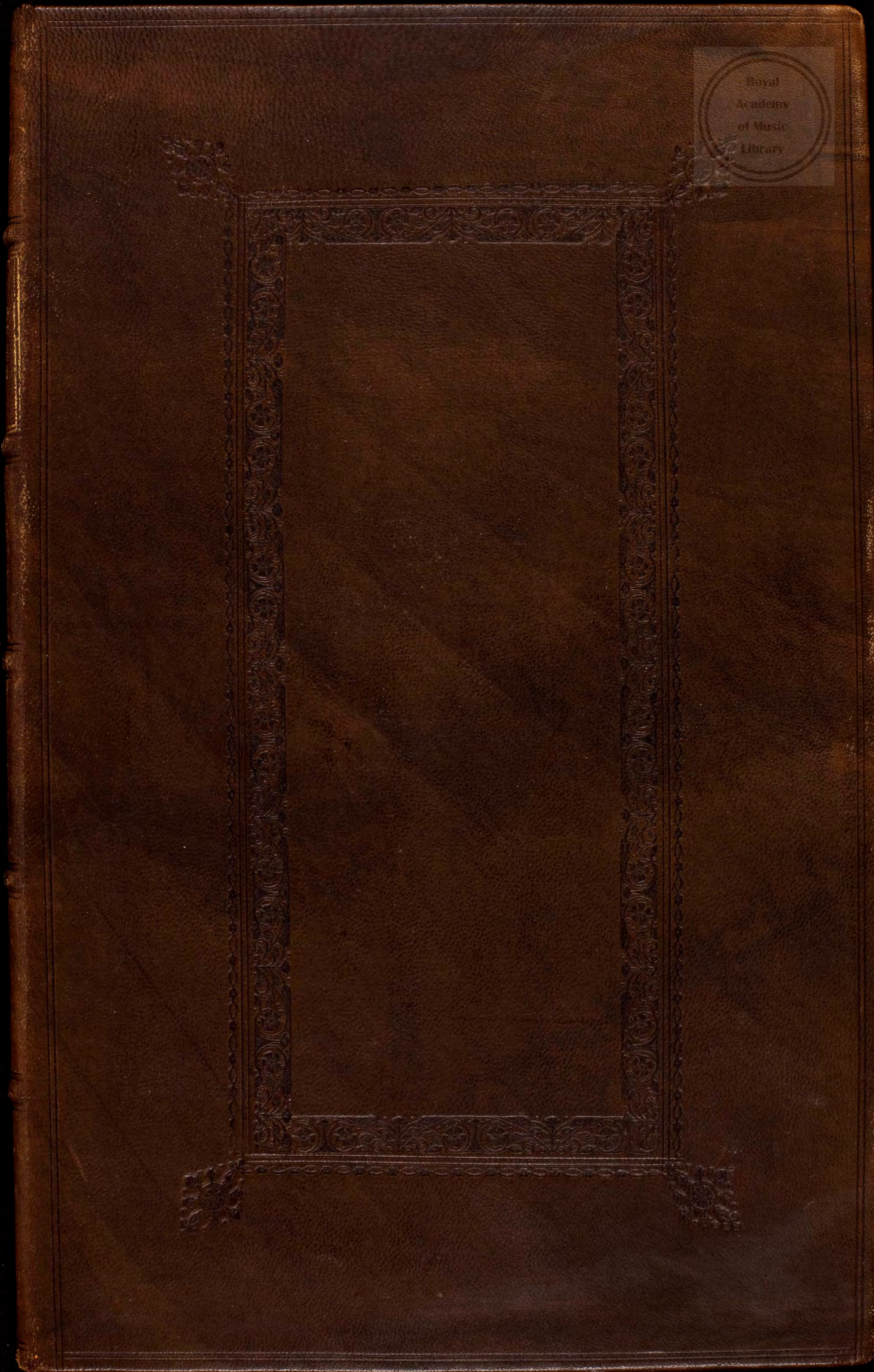


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COMES AMORIS:

OR THE

Companion of LOVE.

Being a Choice COLLECTION
Of The Newest SONGS now in Use.

WITH

Thorow-Bass to each SONG for the *Harpfichord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

THE SECOND BOOK.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *Tho. Moore* for *John Carr* at his Shop at the *Middle Temple Gate*, and
Sam Scott at his Shop in *Bell-Yard* near *Temple-Barr*. 1688.

COMES A MORIS
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THE SECOND BOOK



LONDON,
Printed by Wm. Stansfeld for John Carr at his Shop in the Strand near St. Dunstons Church
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A Table C
A Gentle
Bright Clorissa,
By what I've seen,
Call me no more
Cold and Raw,
Farwel Love,
From a Due Do
For the few ho
How unhappy
How can they
saw the Lais,
Lucinda's lovely
M
The Musical En
Worde made
Mr. Henry Purcell
Maggie's Chappel
The second Booke
Nov. 22. 1684. I
the Jesuits, and of
Dr. John Blow. M.
An Essay to the
The Vocal and
Mandefia, or Ru
Irish Concoratia, e
Eadie Lullies on the
Vinculum Societar
Allied for

A Table of SONGS contain'd in this Book.

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B		14	My Ladies Coachman <i>John</i>	27
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C		13	No <i>Silvia</i> no,	4
C	Call me no more untrue, Cold and Raw,	15	Now, now we are met and humours,	28
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F	Farewel Love, From a Due Dose of Claret, For the few hours of Life,	15	S	
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				20
		1	Y	
			Youth and VVit do,	10

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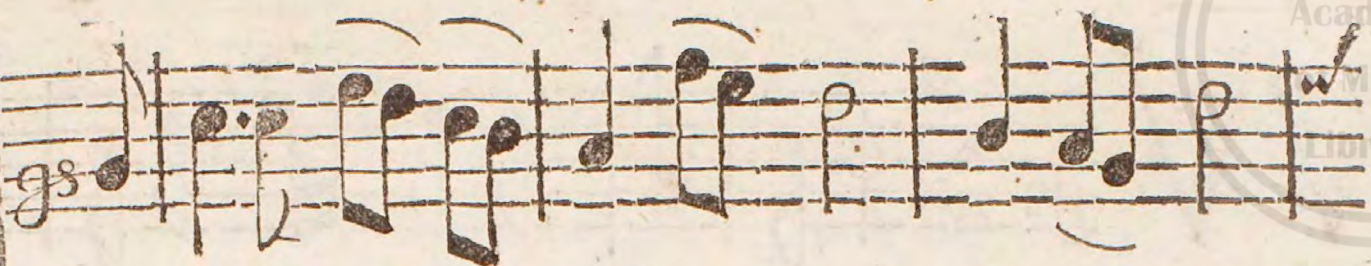
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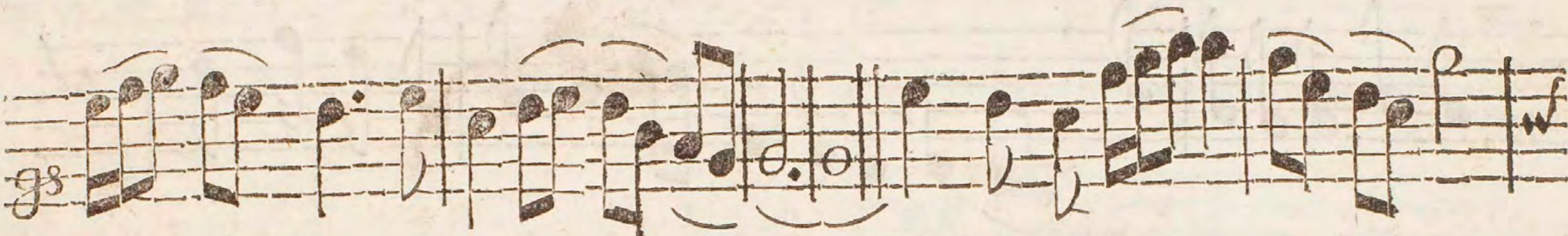
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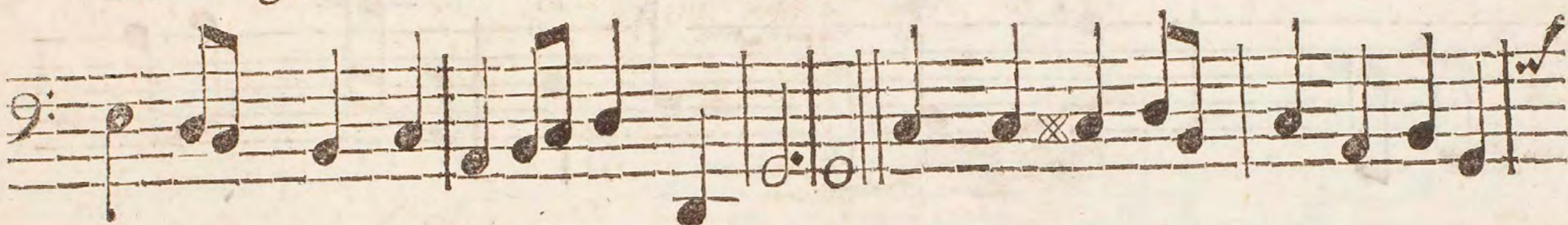
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U-cinda's love—ly Charming Face, Charming Face,



Charming Face, in all its splendour free sweet was the happy time and place,



time and place, time and place I had her Compa—ny, I had her Company.



I with each Minute was an Age,
So blest in Love was I,
I prest her lips and did ingage
What Love could not deny.

Both equally we soon exprest,
Claspt in each others Arms,
My Head upon her Snowy Brest
We lay desolv'd in Charms.

Mr. Sam. Ackroyde.

The Words by Mr. Weeden to Mr. Reddings Tune.

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W



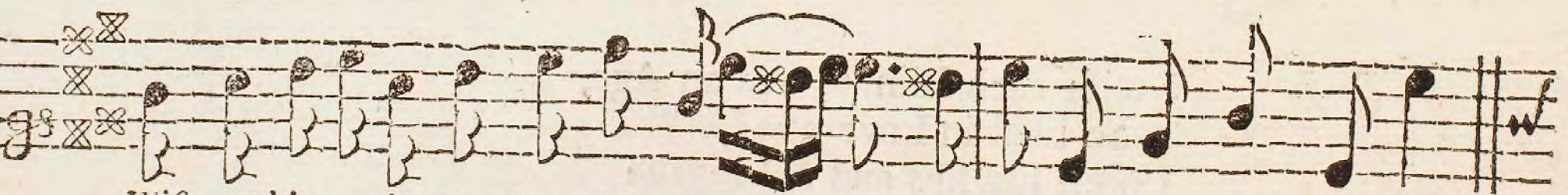
Hen Mony has done what e're it can, and round a--bout



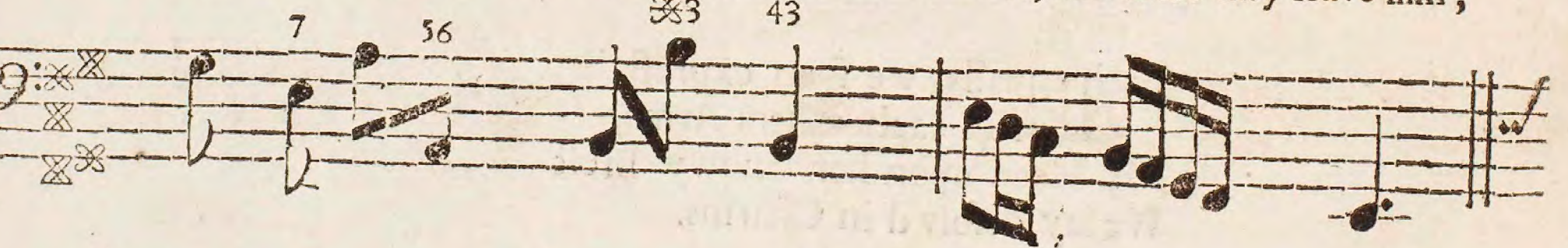
run to pleasure a Man, whose life's but a span, with worldly Joys and the glittering



toys, which do make such a noise as confound all ad--vice that's gi--ven by the



Wife, and in a trice re--duce the wretch to mi--se--ries, and there they leave him ;



Then the World which before for his store did a---dore him, frait seems afraid of one de-

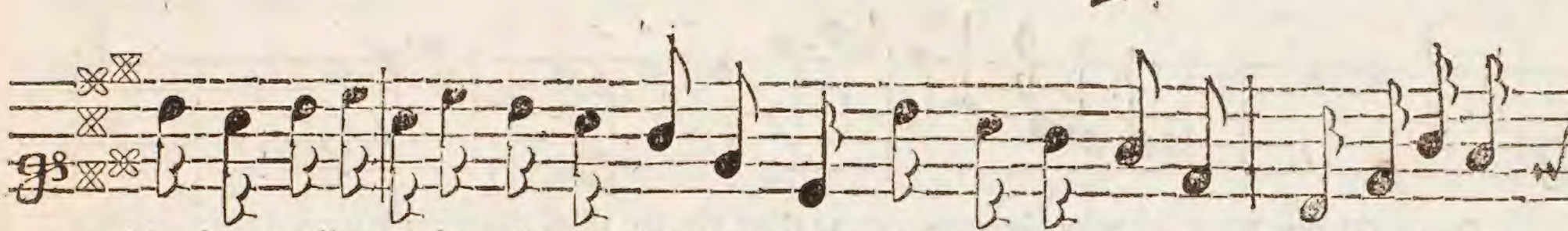




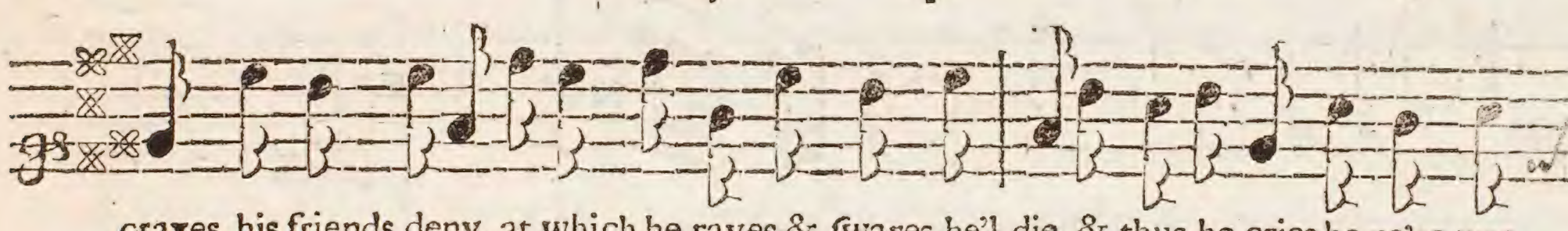
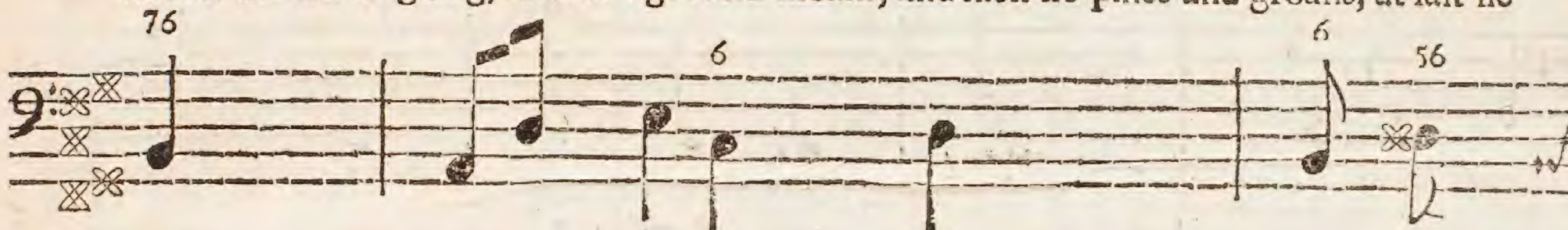
cay'd, and him up--braid of the Wealth which each by's Trade did before de-



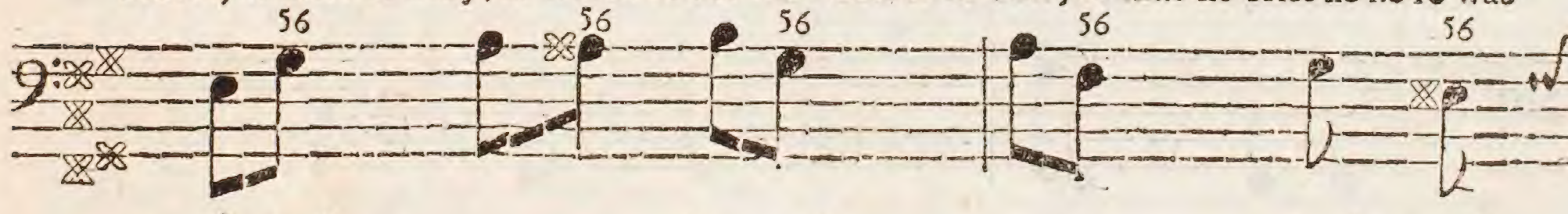
ceive him, but when the Mortal sees his own un--doing, finds his acquaintance and



friends are all a going, then he sighs and moans, and then he pines and groans, at last he



craves, his friends deny, at which he raves & swares he'l die, & thus he cries he ne're was



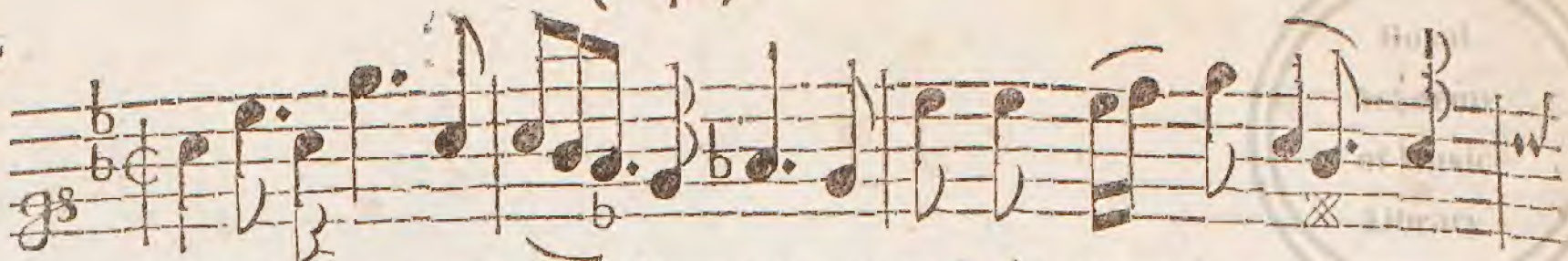
wife until in mi---se---ry he dies, and thus the wretched spendthrift lies, fare him well for



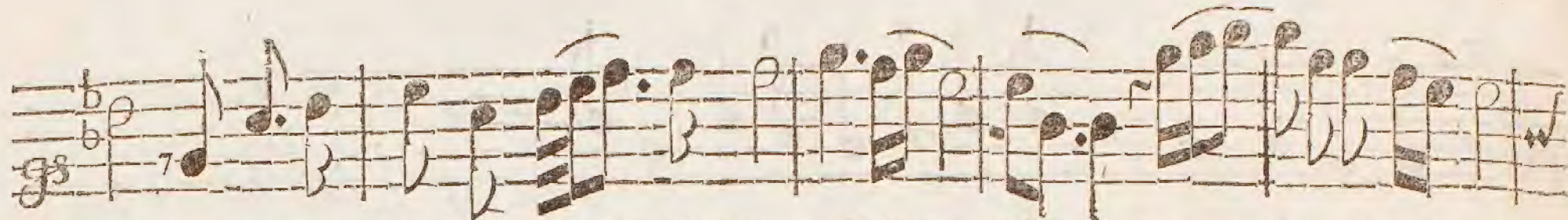
e---ver more, A--men.



N

O *Sylvia* no, not all thy care can ease thy wretched Lo—ver's

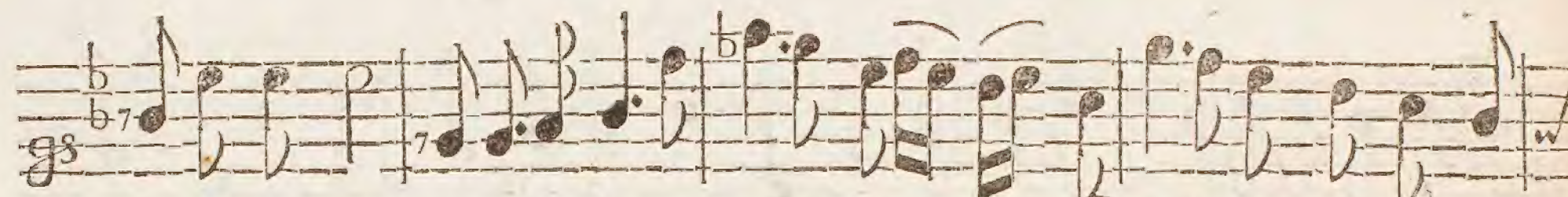
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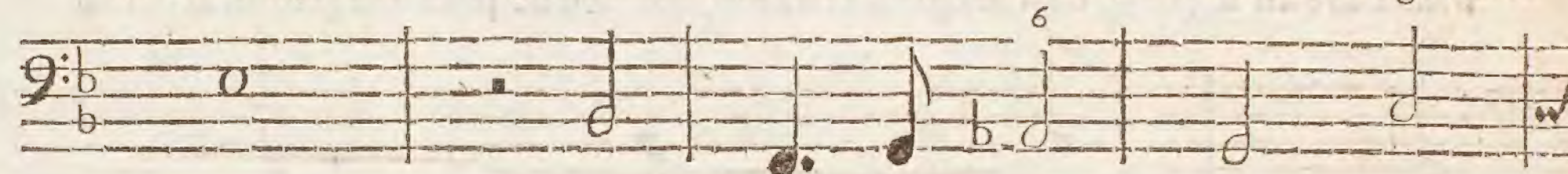
pain, these fond en-dearments thou maist spare, smiles, kisses, ten—der vows are vain



43



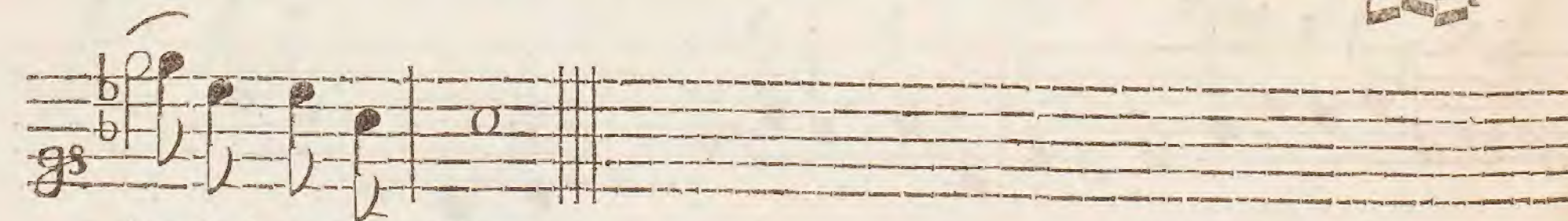
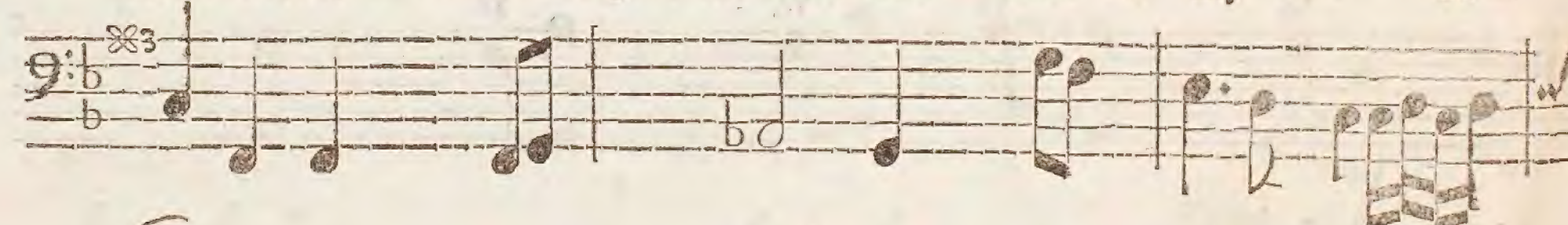
for cou'd thy Face a way invent to shew thee kinder then thou art it wou'd not give the



6



least content, it wou'd not give the least con—tent to my— di—



tracted Jealous Heart.

Mr. Peter Ifack.

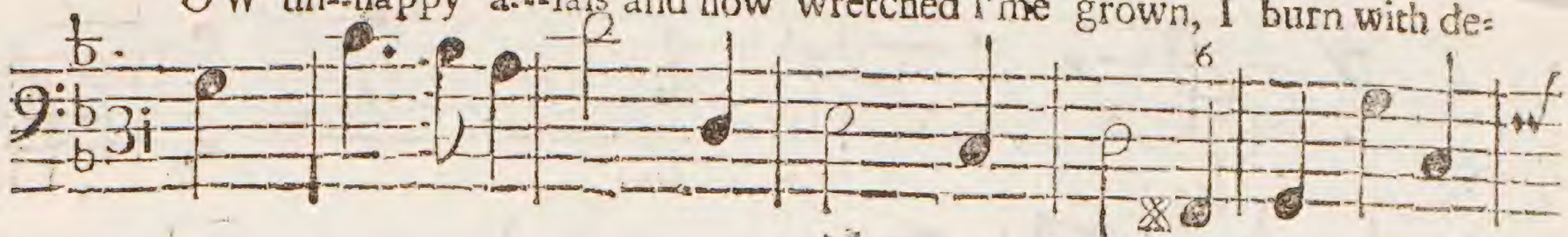


Why is it that thy Snow-white Arms
So eagerly clasps me to thy Breast,
When all thy Beauties, all thy Charms,
By *Damon* are each Night possest.

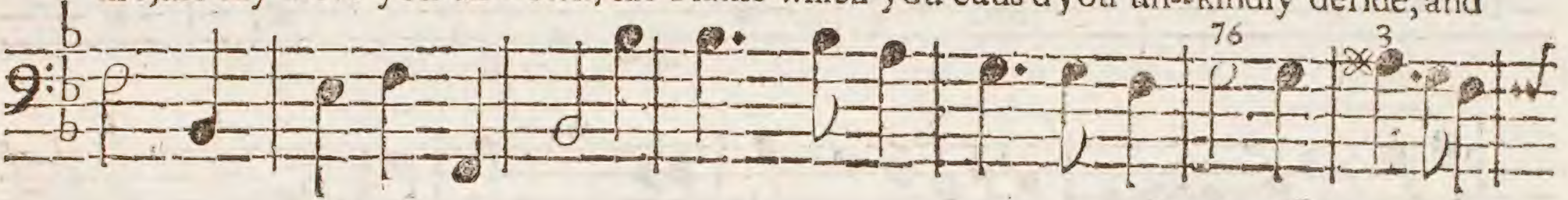
Then strive no more my grief to ease,
In Love I'me such a Miser grown,
Not all the Wealth thou giv'st can please,
'Till the rich stock be all my own.



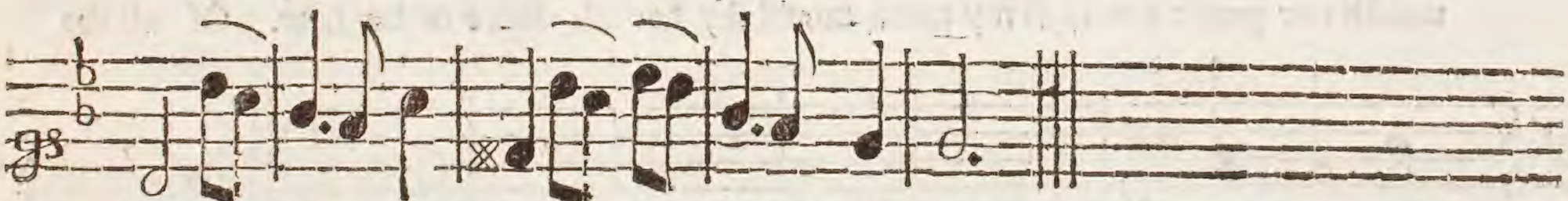
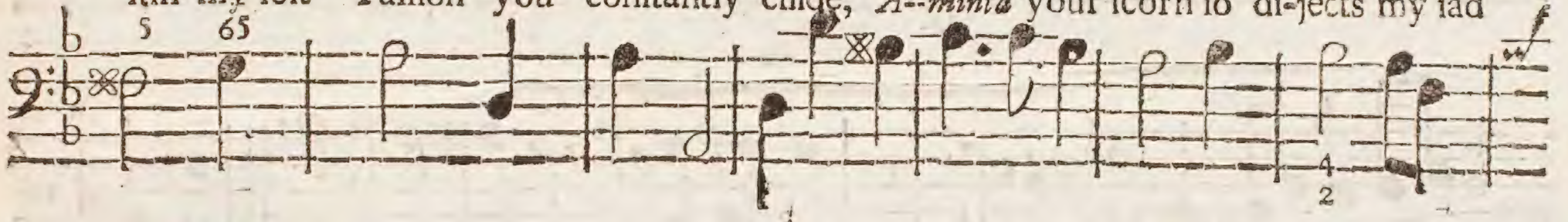
O W un--happy a--lafs and how wretched I'me grown, I burn with de-



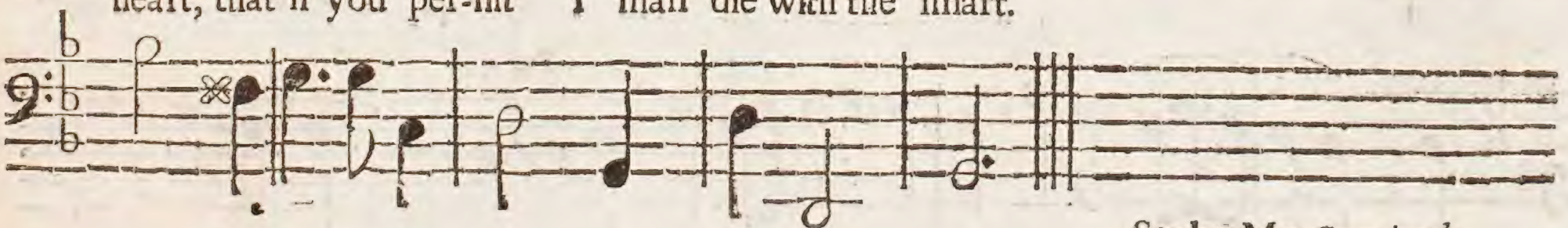
fire, tho my Love you dis--own, the Flame which you caus'd you un--kindly deride, and



still my soft Passion you constantly chide, A--mint a your scorn so di-jects my sad

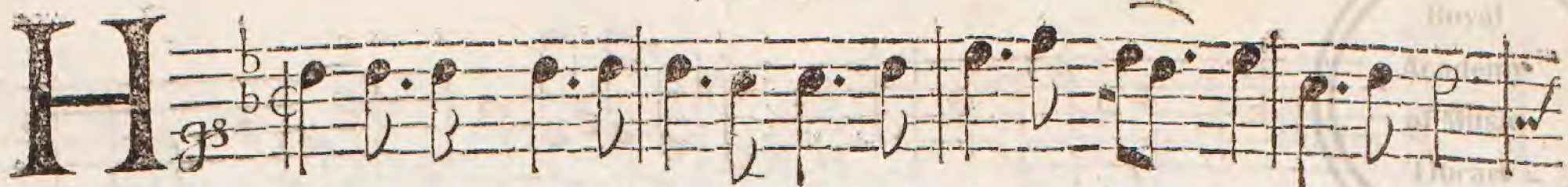


heart, that if you per-sist I shall die with the smart.



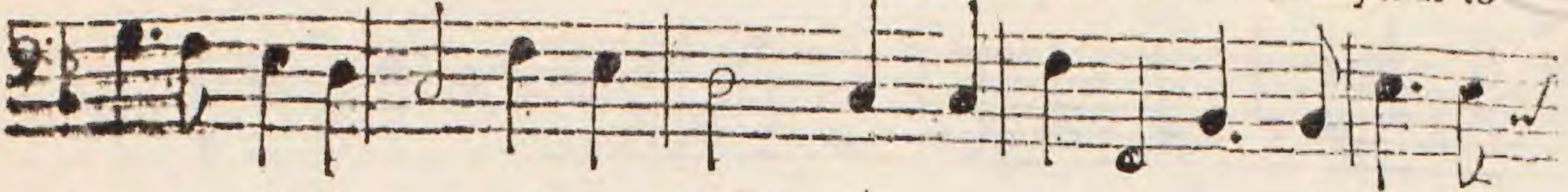
Set by Mr. Courtival.

VWhen alone I lament and sigh out my anguish,
Deluded with hopes you still let me languish,
Your Eyes are so bright and so feed the fierce fire,
VWith Love still I burn and consume with desire,
I sigh, much opprest, to give ease to my pain,
But the Flame in my Brest does still burn and remain.

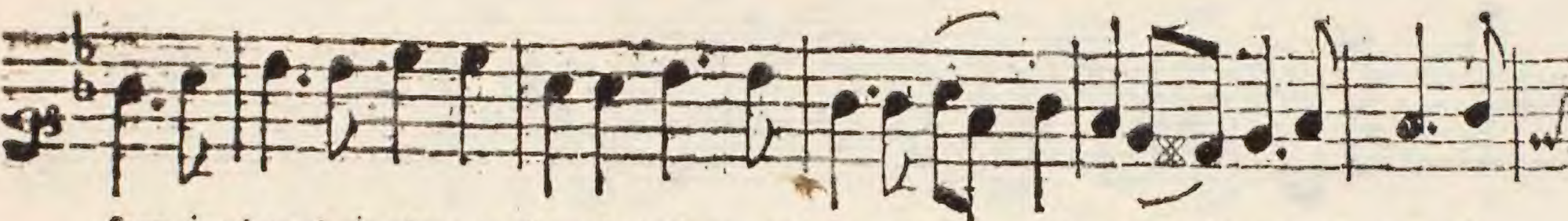




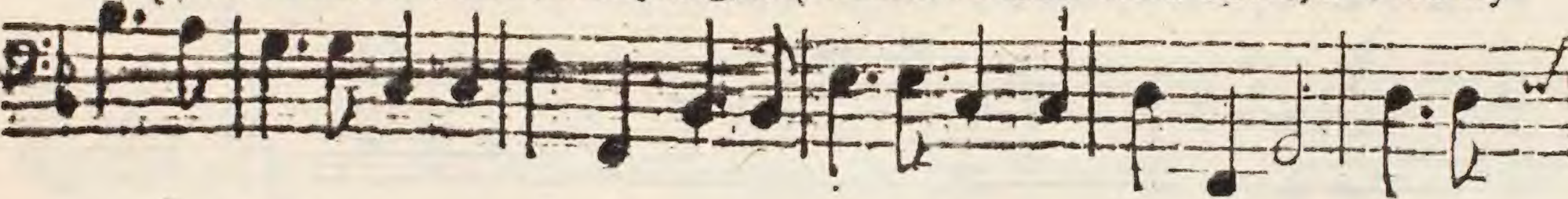
Rheus's Glories guild the Skies, no Nymph so proud a--dorns the Green, but yeilds to



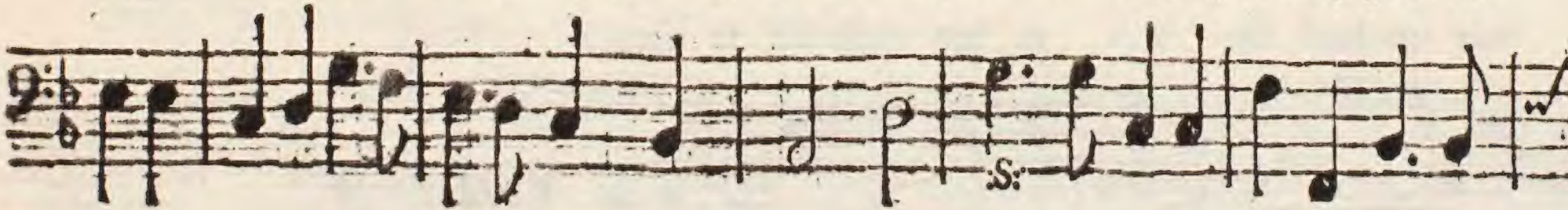
fair *Ne--ras* Eyes, the Amorous Swains no Offerings bring to *Cu-pid's* Altar as be-



fore, to her they play, to her they sing, and own in Love no other Pow'r, if thou thy



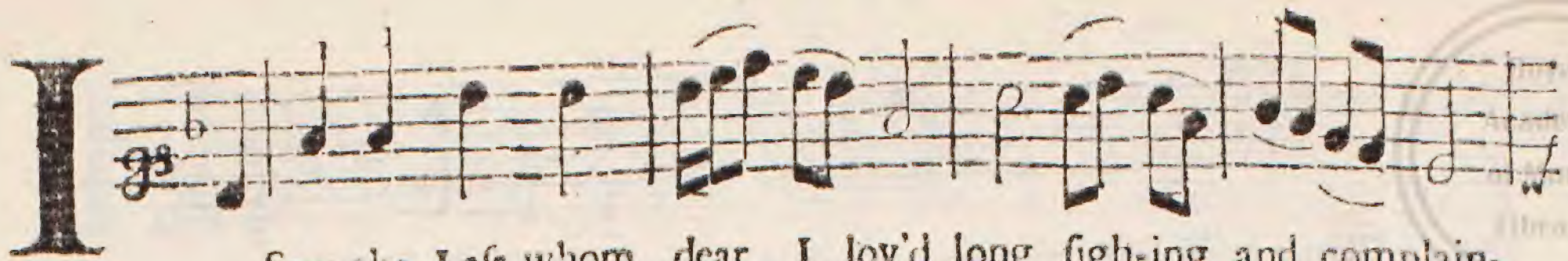
Empire wilt regain, on thy Conqu'rour try thy Dart, touch with pity for my pain *Ne-*



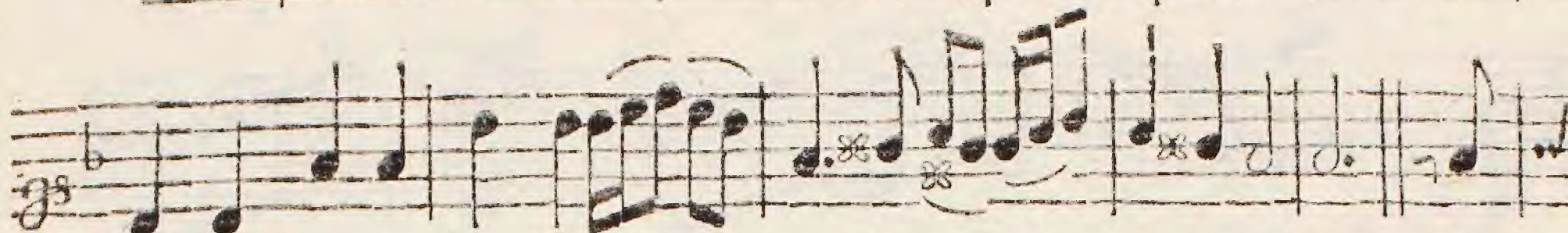
Ne--ras's cold dis-dain-ful Heart.

Mr. James Hart.

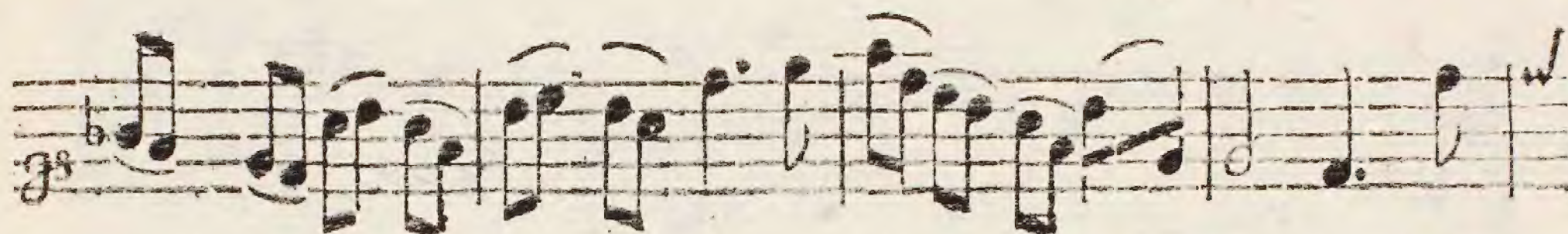
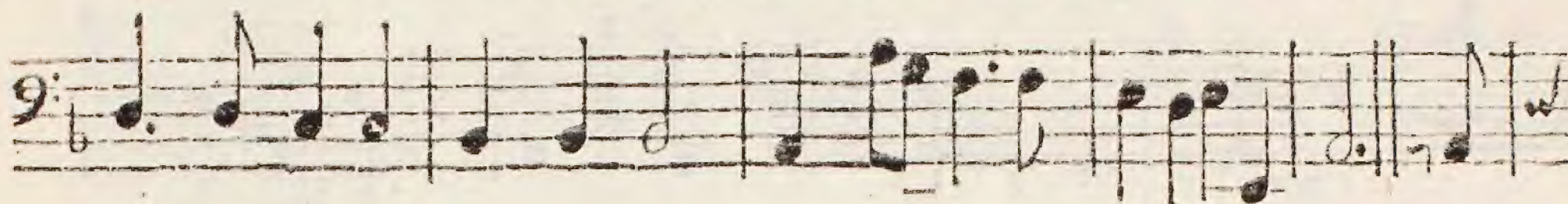




Saw the Lass whom dear I lov'd long sigh-ing and complain-



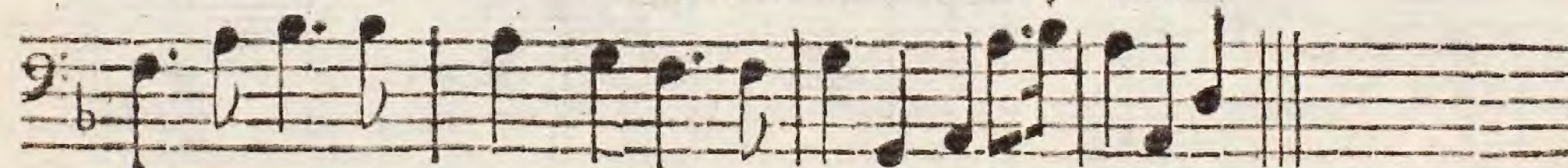
ing, while me she shund and dis-ap--prov'd, a--no--ther en--tertaining : her



hand, her lips, to him were free, no fa-vour she re--fus'd him, judge



how un--kind she was to me while she so kind--ly us'd him.



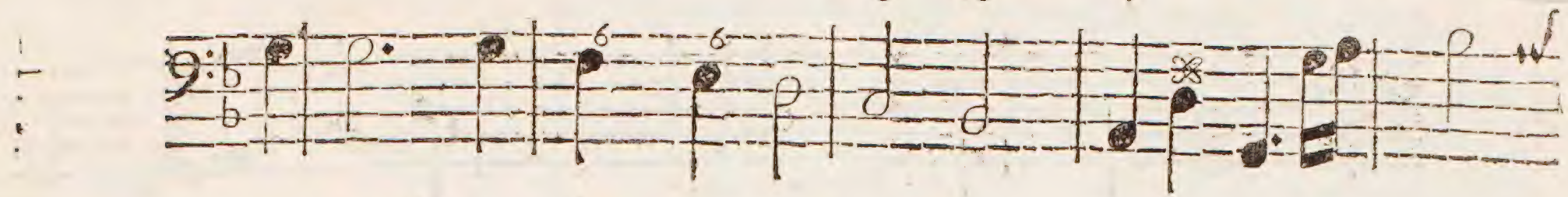
Mr. Moses Snow.

His Hand her Milk white Bubbles prest,
A bliss worth Kings desiring,
Ten Thousand times he kist her Brest,
The Snowy Mounts admiring.

While pleas'd to be the Charming Fair,
That to such Passion mov'd him,
She clapt his Cheek and curl'd his Hair,
To shew she well approv'd him.



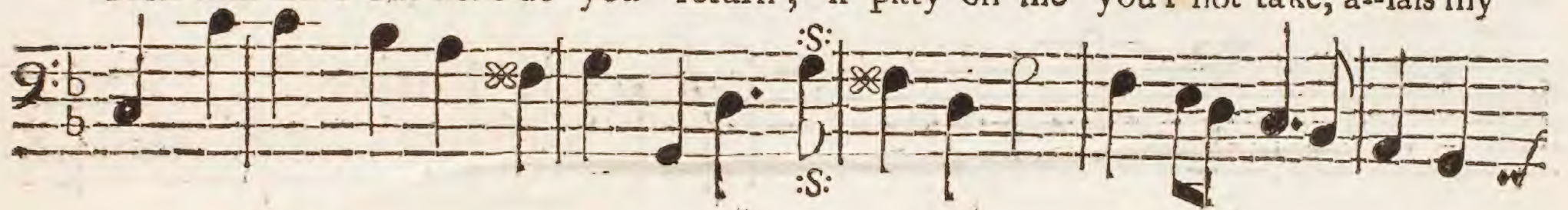
Nhappy 'tis that I was Born, to be undone by Ce-lia's Scorn, no time nor



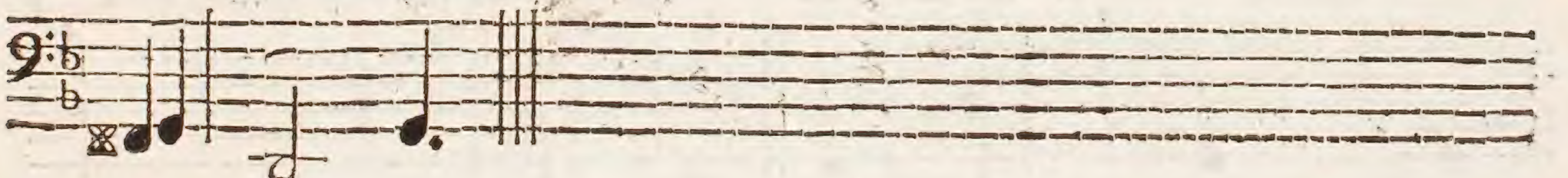
Tongue can e're relate the Tra-ge-dy of my hard Eate ; I in a Fevour scorch &



burn with Love but none do you return ; if pittty on me you'l not take, a--lafs my



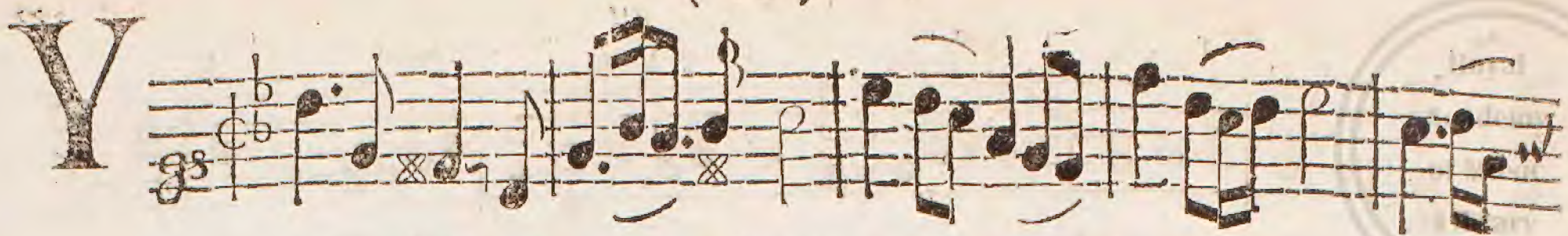
tender Heart will break.



Ah Charming Creature cast an Eye,
I wish a thousand times to dye,
But if ten thousand pains invade,
By one kind look they all are paid,

For should I live and not obtain,
That trouble is a greater pain,
No lovely fair I only find
To let me Dye is to be Kind.

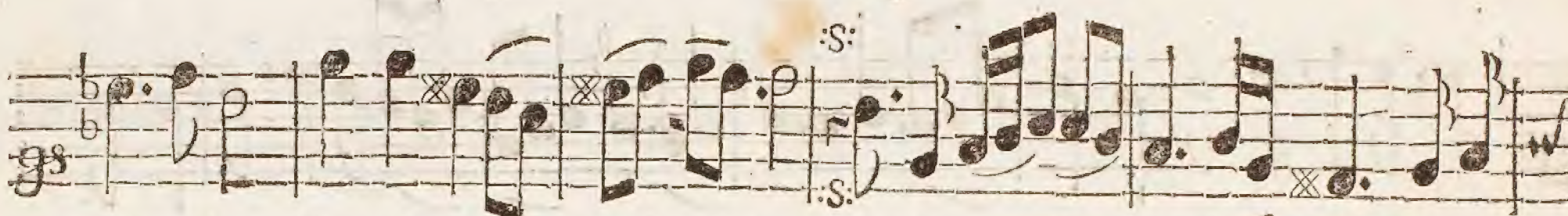
Mr. Rob. King.



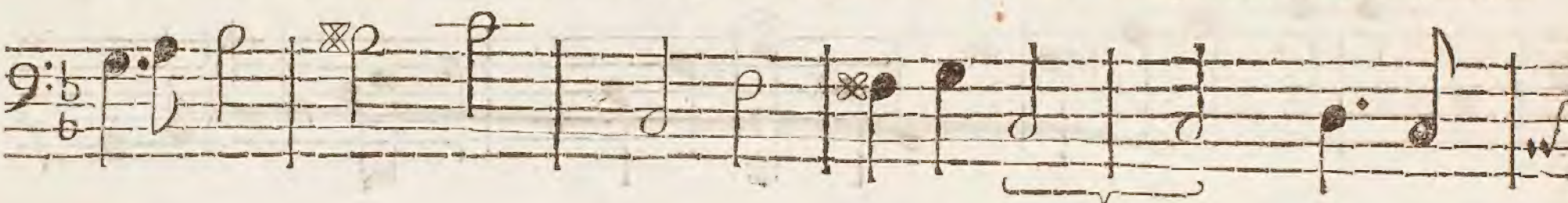
outh and Wit do fo a--bound in each feature and each word, that she



can all Shepherds wound with the Charms of fair and good, Youth and Wit do

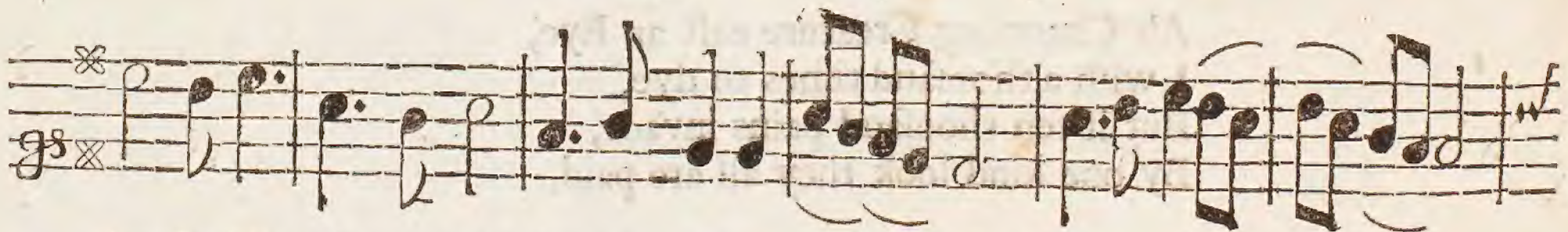
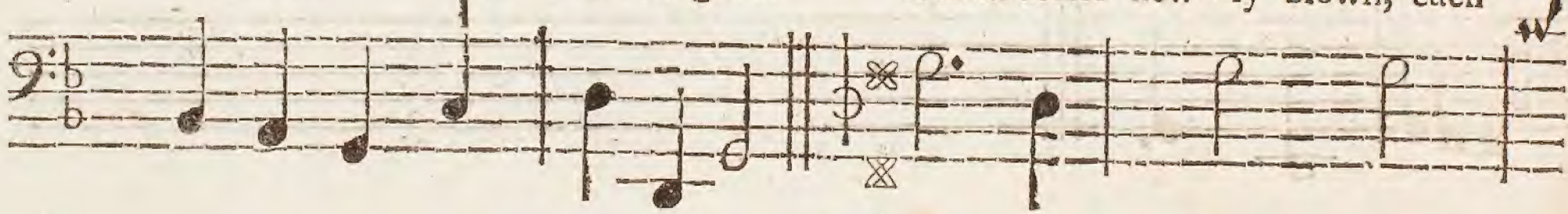


fo a--bound in each feature and each word, that she can all Shepherds wound with the

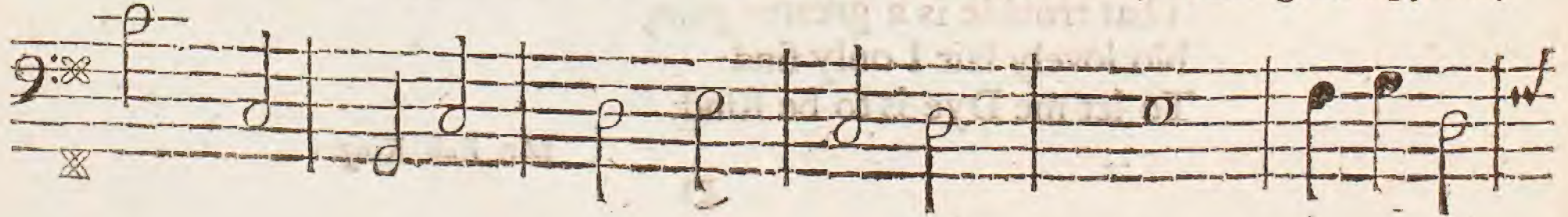


Charms — of fair and good.

Red as Roses new--ly blown, each



dear budding Lip appears, sweetness in her Look is shown, Beauty in her growing years;





True and Constant are her ways, kind & secret is each thought, Books and



Musick pass dull days, in pure Dreams her Love is sought. Happy Shepherd



that can say, all her Love is his Entire; Happyer much in Cupids Play,



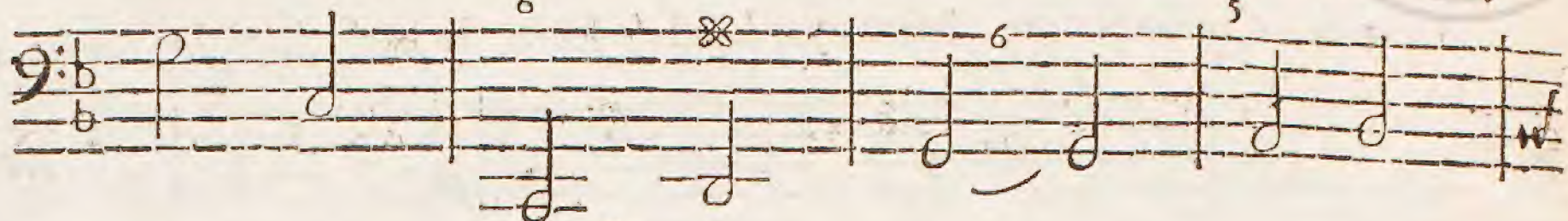
than a Victim, than a Victim in Loves Fire.



Mr. James Hart.



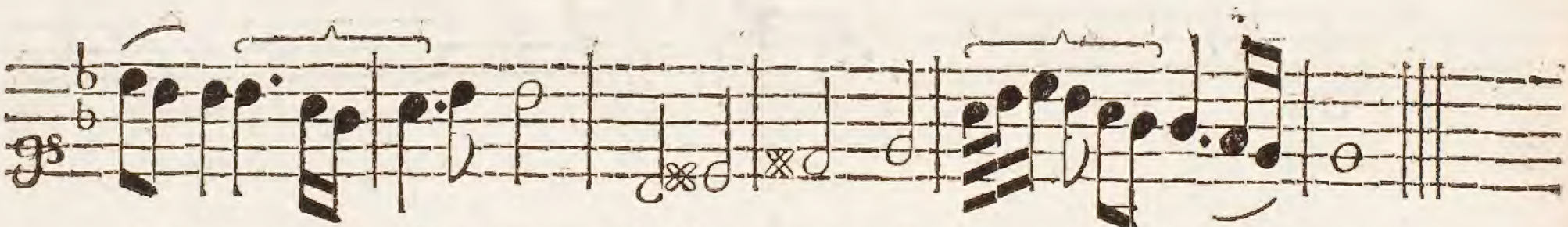
Arewel Love, De-light and Pleasure, *Cælia* sleeps and is no more,



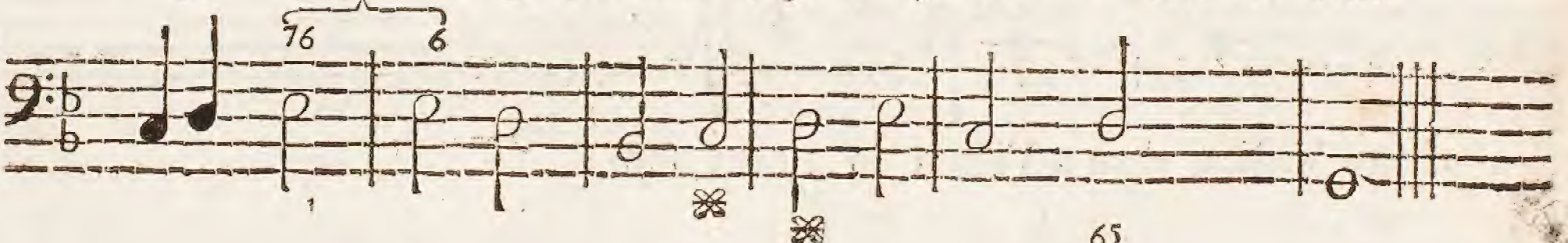
in her Face was Beauty's Treasure, in her Bosome Virtue's store.



Now to th' *E-lizian* Groves, the blest a---bode of endless Love, born on



Angels wings she's gon, whilst I, poor I, am - - - left a---lone.

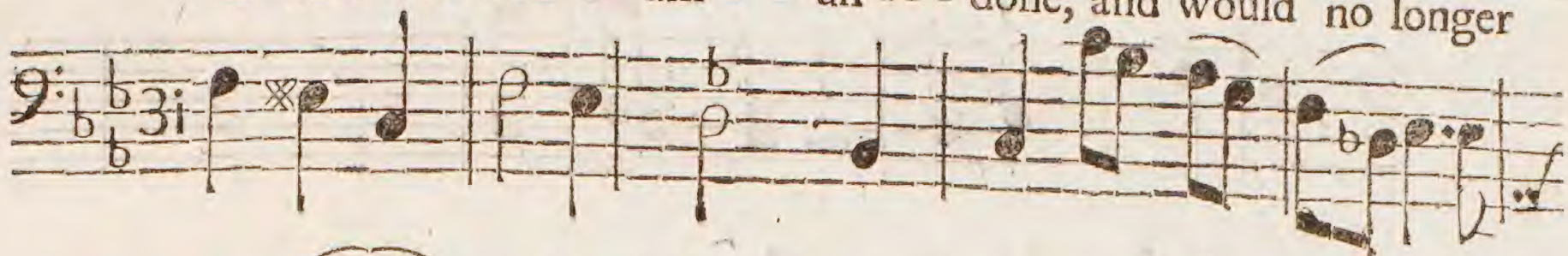


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Mr. Alex. Damafano.



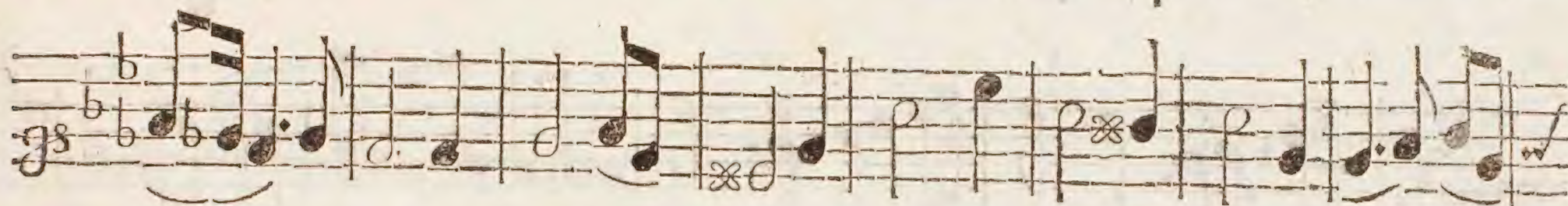
Y what I've seen I am - - un - - - done, and would no longer



live, Strephon Be - - - linda's Heart has won, the Pirse I saw her give, or



if be - fore her Heart was his she gave it o're a - gain, he uncon-



cern'd re - ceiv'd the blifs I Lan - guish to ob - tain.



Cruel *Belinda* cease to give
Those looks when I am by,
Cannot my Rival happy live
Unless he see me Dye.
If you delight to punish me,
I will no more complain,
But let not him my Torments see,
To glory in my pain.

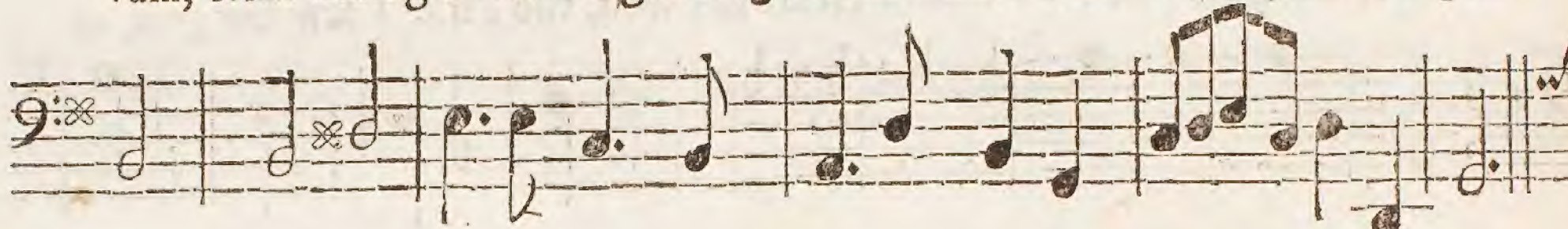
Mr. Daniel Purcell.



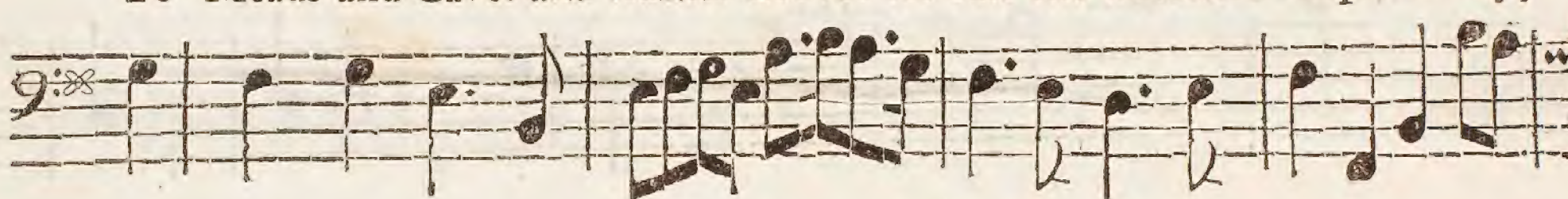
As-tre—a quits her bleating Flocks who mourn for her re—turn, in



vain, some hiding in the Neighb'ring Rocks while others wander o're the plain.



To Meads and Caves and leafless Groves for ease the wretched Shepherds fly,



who weep and curse their Fa-tal Loves, then break their Oaten Pipes and Dye.

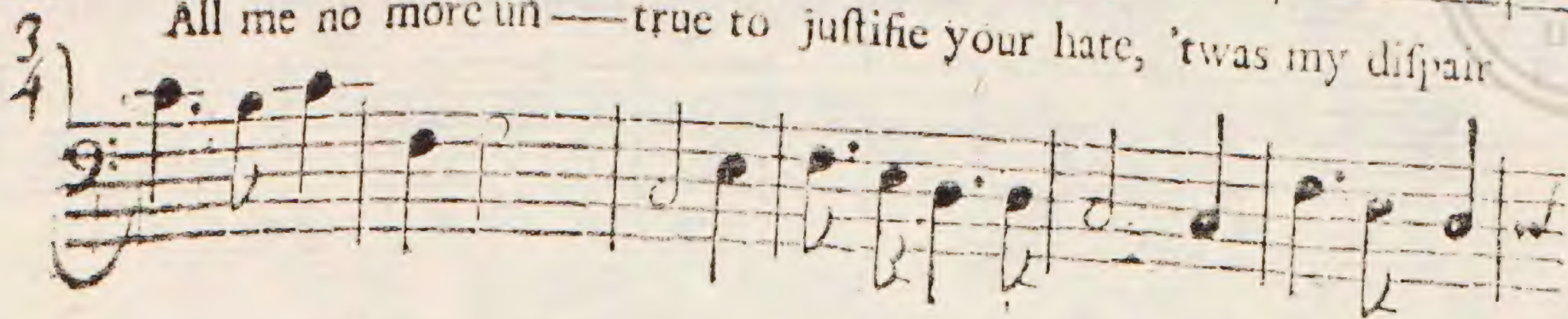


But now Revenge their wrongs require,
And find her guilty of the Plot,
Her Charms will set the Town on Fire,
Then Marr'age Chains must prove her lot,
So she from whence such wonders spring,
Where Graces all in Consort meet,
This Bird confin'd too late will sing,
O Virgin's Liberty is sweet.

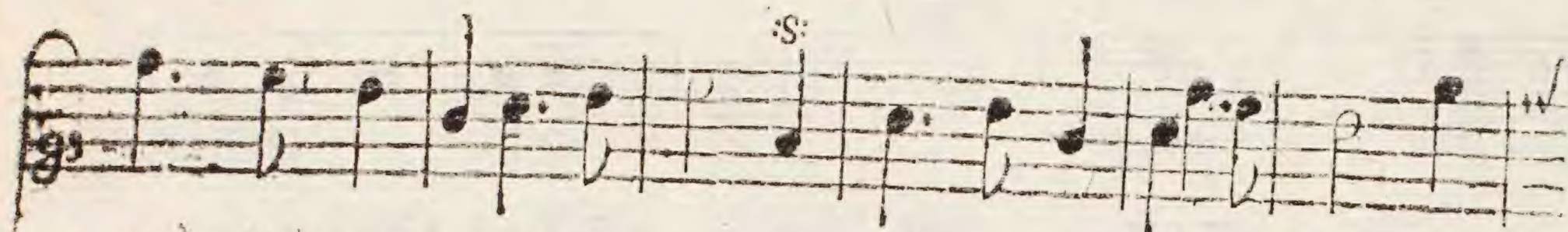
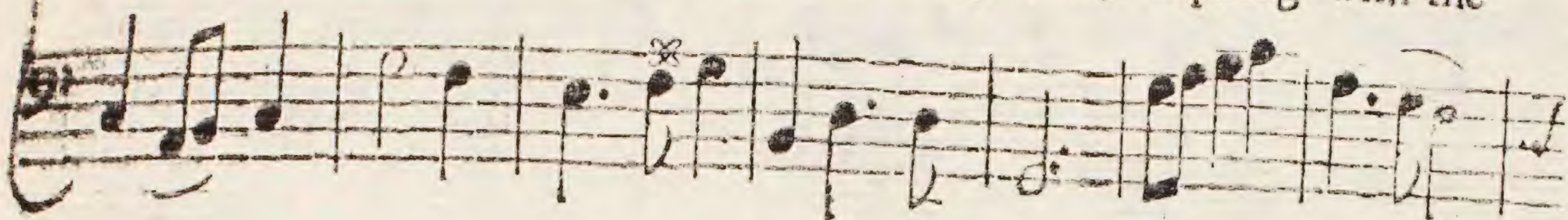
Mr. William Turner.



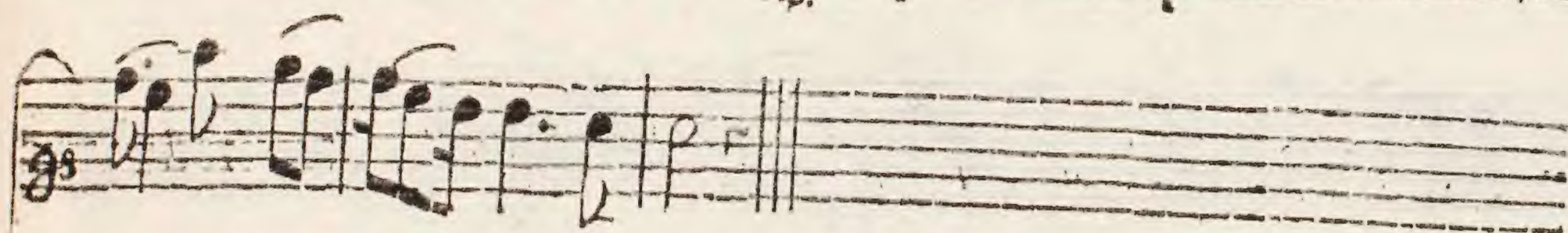
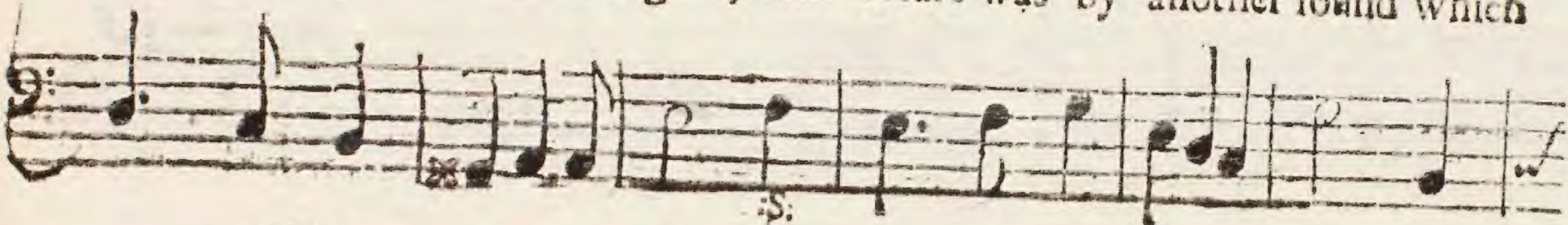
All me no more un — true to justifie your hate, 'twas my despair



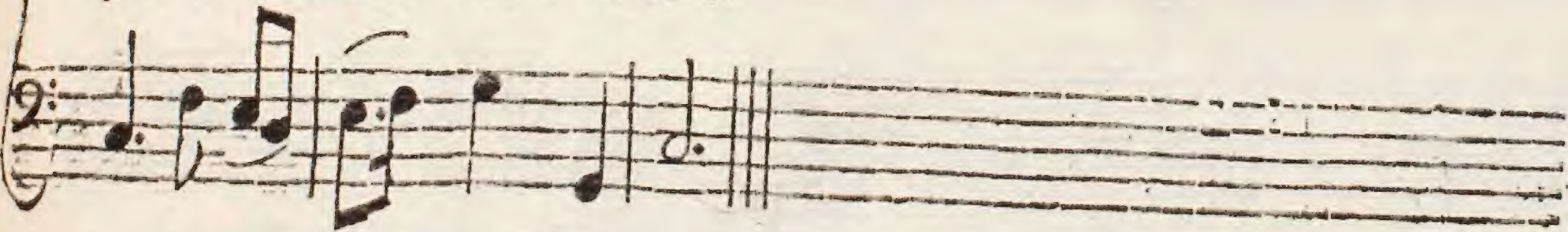
of Love from you that made me try to mend my Fate, expiring with the



wound which your unkindness gave, that Heart was by another found which




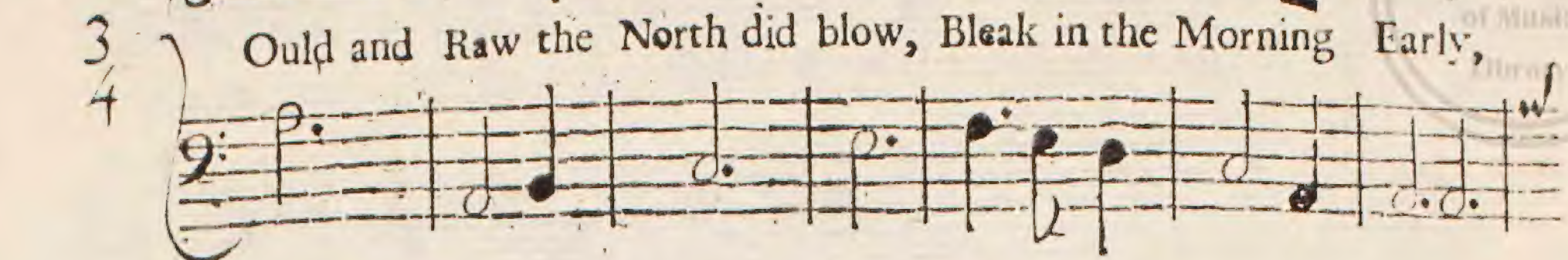
you a - lone had Pow'r to save.




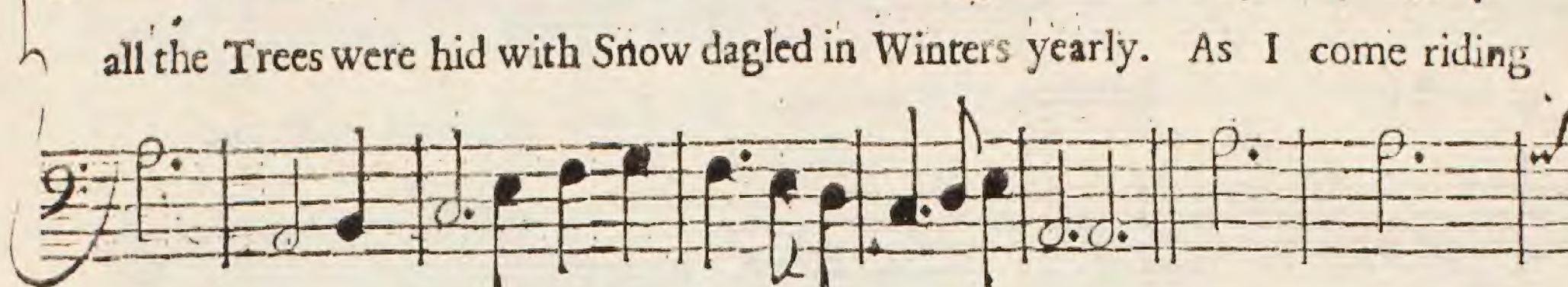
As Men benighted stray,
Led by some treacherous Fire,
Pleas'd with false Light I lost my way,
And mist the place of my desire.
A Morning Sinners Vow
Just Heaven with Pity meet,
My Soul forsakes all Idolls now
To serve for ever at your Feet.

Mr. William Turner.

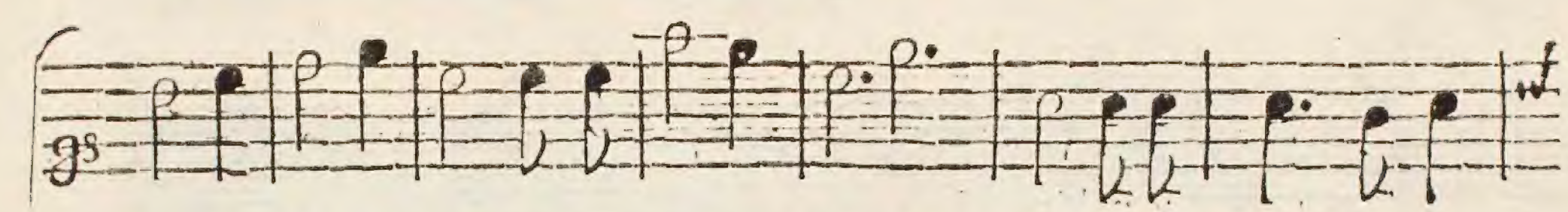
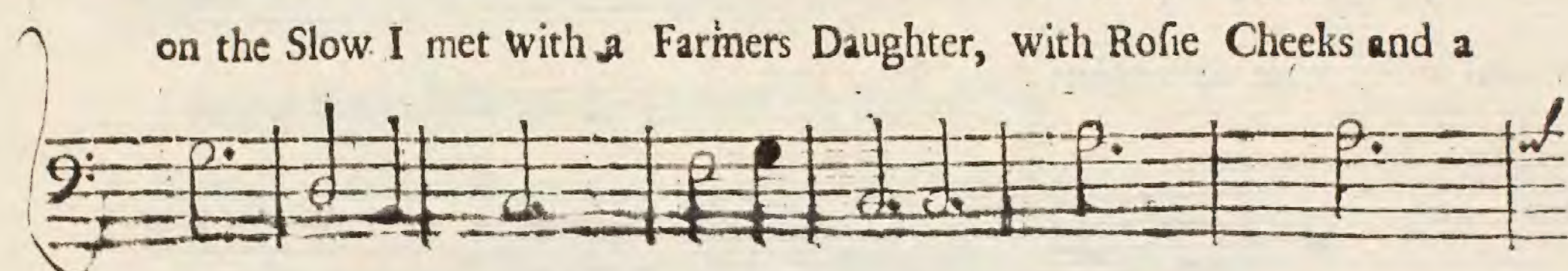
The last New Scotch Song.

C  

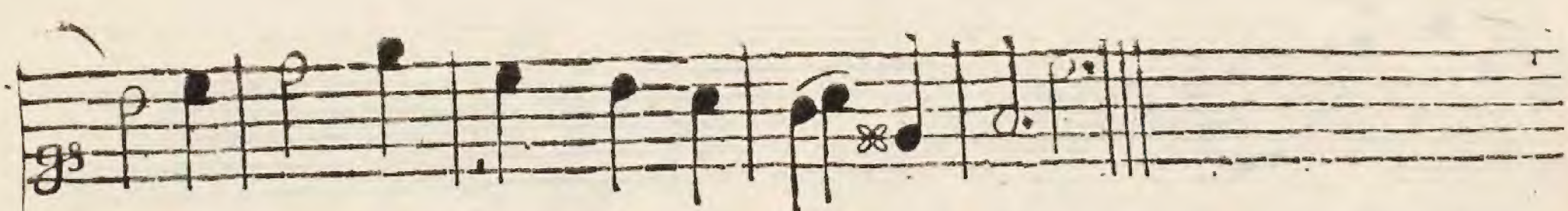
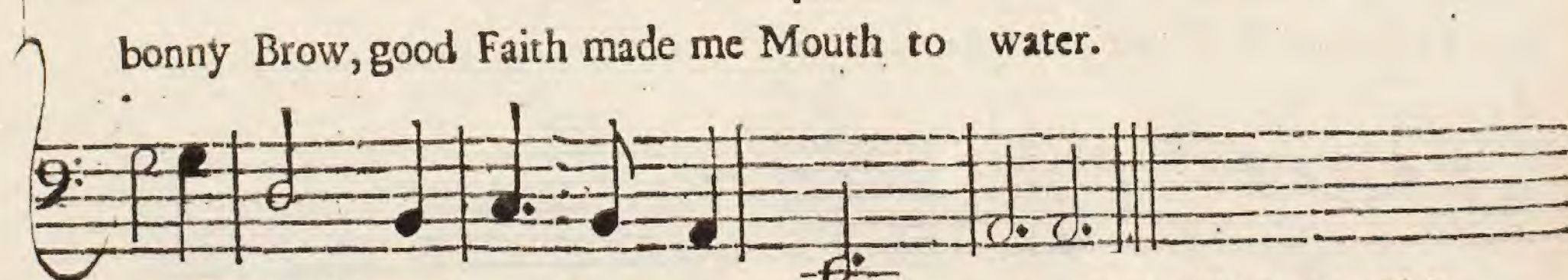
Ould and Raw the North did blow, Bleak in the Morning Early,

all the Trees were hid with Snow dagled in Winters yearly. As I come riding

on the Slow I met with a Farmers Daughter, with Rosie Cheeks and a

bonny Brow, good Faith made me Mouth to water.

Down I veld my Bonnet low,
Thinking to show my Breeding,
She return'd a graceful bow,
A Village far exceeding,
I ask'd her where she went so soon,
I long'd to begin a parley ;
She told me to the next Market Town
On purpose to sell her Barley

In this Purse sweet Soul said I
Twenty pounds lye fairly,
Seek no further one to buy,
For Ple take all thy Barley,
Twenty more shall purchase delight,
Thy Person I love so dearly,
If thou wor lig with me this Night
And go home in the Morning early.

If Forty Pounds would buy the Globe,
This thing I wou'd not do Sir,
Or were my Friends as poor as Job
I would not raise them so Sir,
For if this Night you prove my Friend,
We's get a young Kid together,
And you'll be gon at the Nine Months end,
And where shall I find a Father.

I told her I had Wedded been
Fourteen Years or longer,
Else I would take her for my Queen
And tye the knot much Stronger,
She bid me then no further come
But manage my Wedlock fairly,
And keep Purse for poor Spouse at home,
For some other should have her Barley.

W



Elcome, welcome Glorious Maid to meet those Joys we to you



bring, this Honour's due which we have paid for thy He - roick suffering ; Thou never

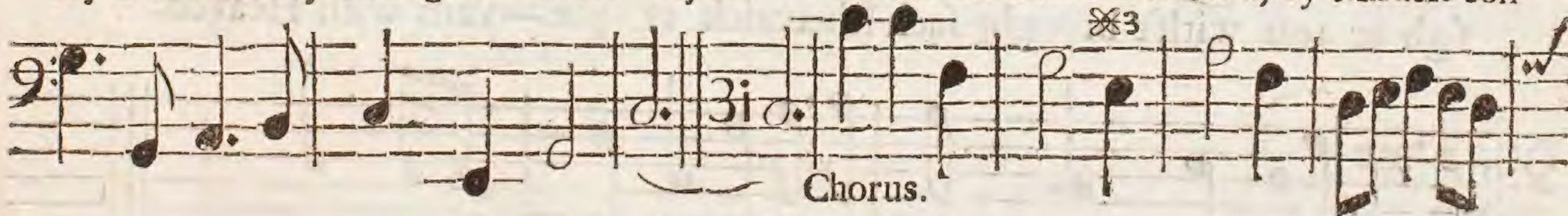


more shall be afraid of Hate or Love which Princes bear, but in white Robes shall be ar-



Chorus.

ray'd to meet thy Bridegroom in the Ayre : Where in one Globe com-bind, by Miracle con-



Chorus.



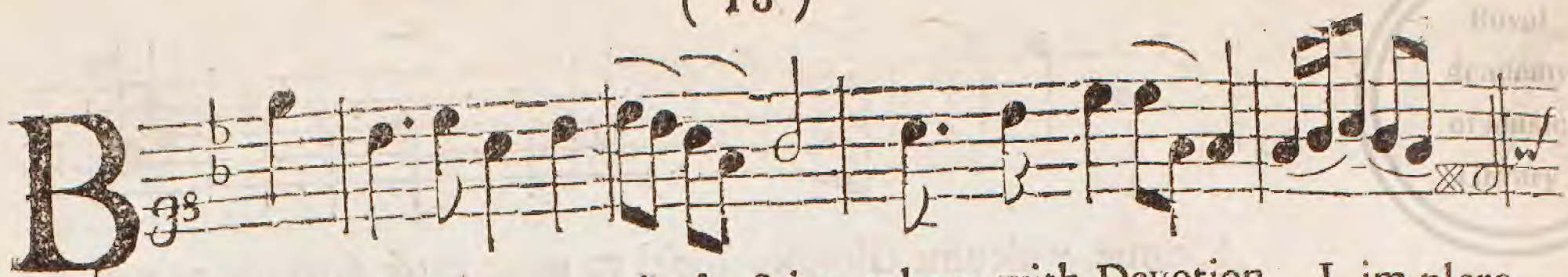
fin'd, in mighty height extreamly bright ye shall appear as if ye were a new created



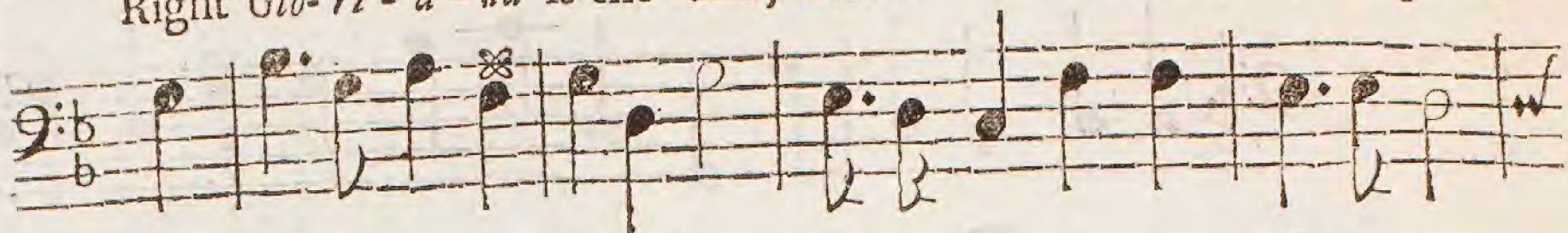
Star, ye shall appear as if ye were a new Created Star.

Mr. William Turner.





Right *Glo-ri-a-na* is the Saint, whom with Devotion I im-plore,



but she is deaf to my complaint, her silence tells I must give o're ; is it my



zeal's not fervent thought, or what I ask't of—fence has given, no word but



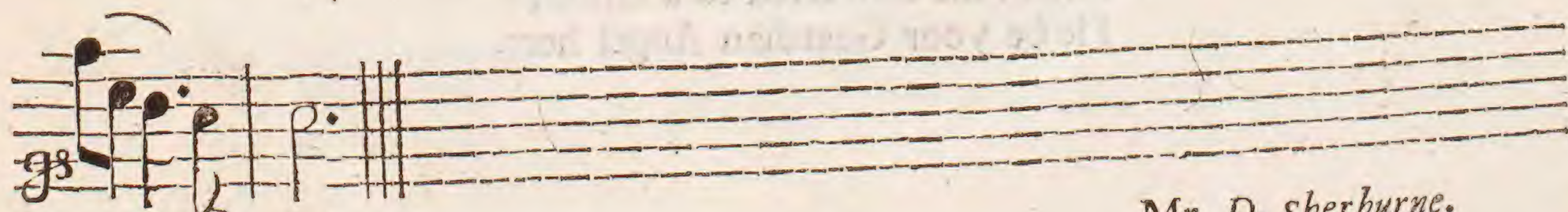
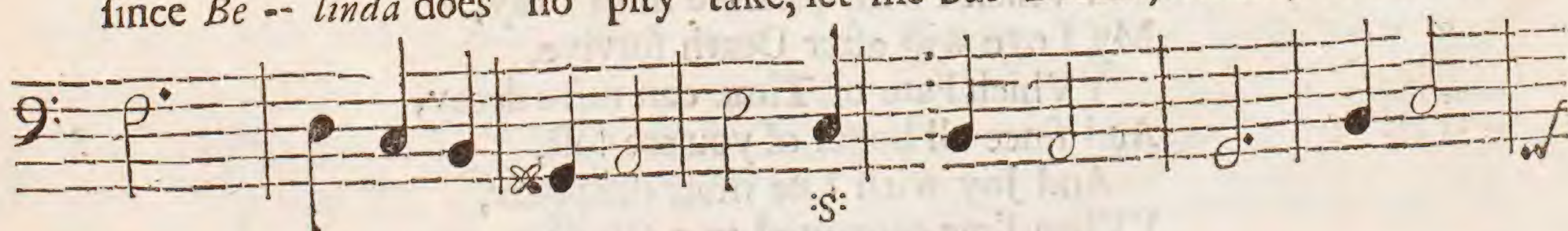
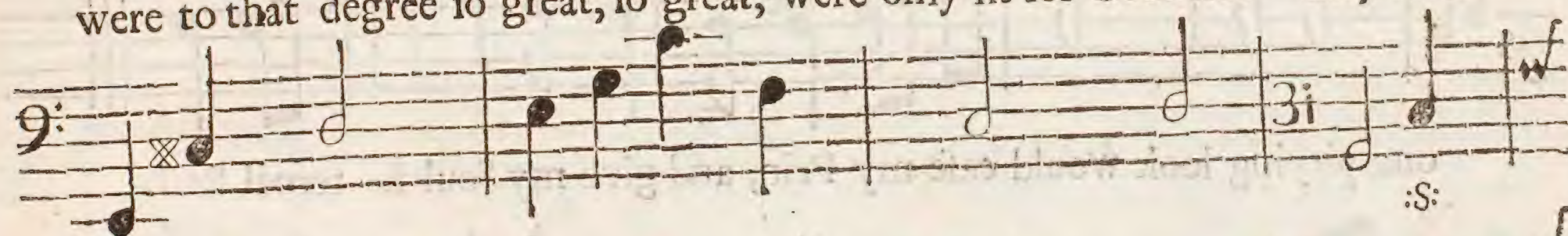
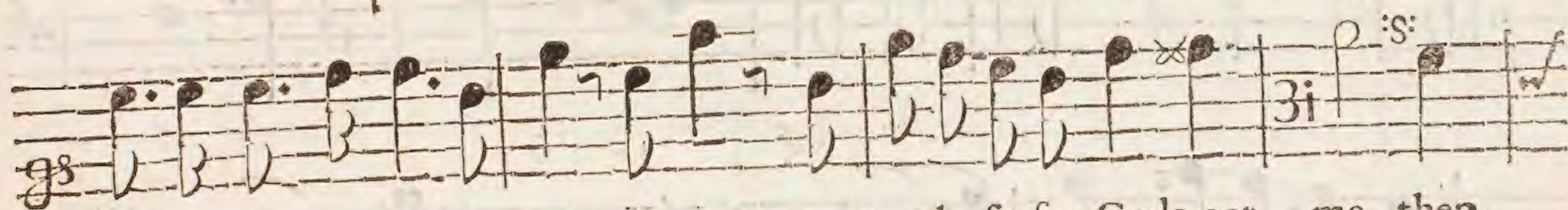
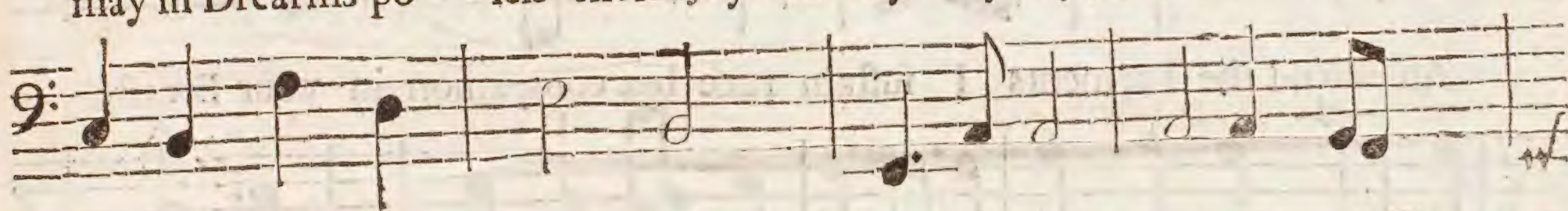
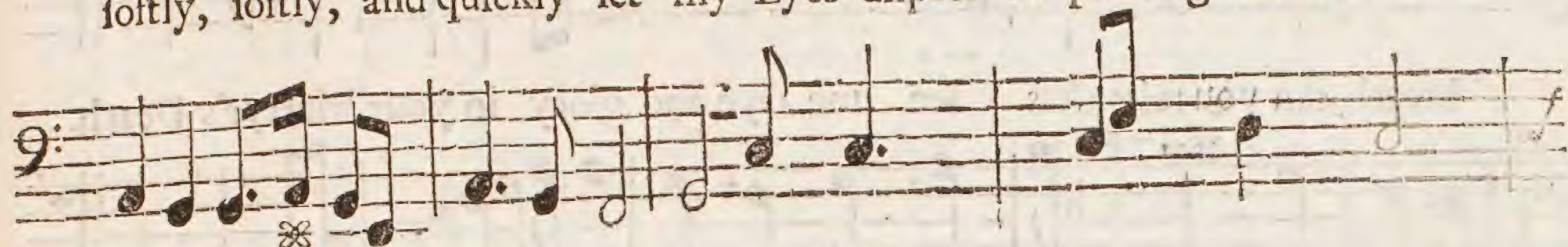
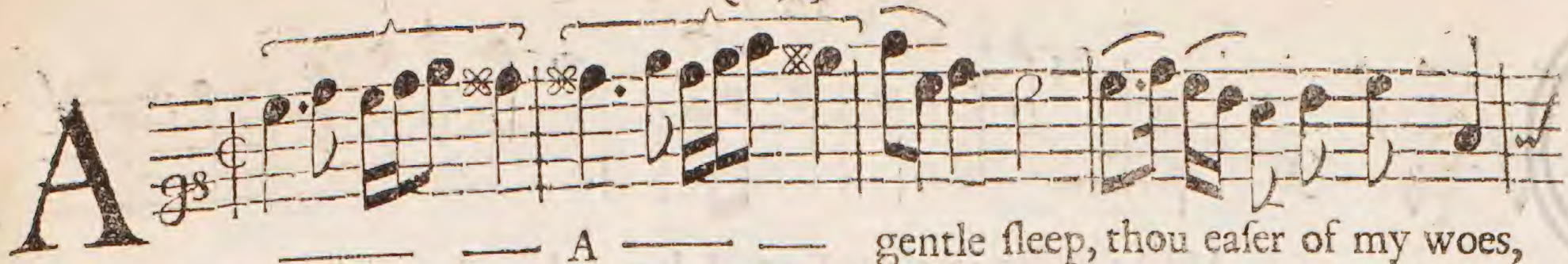
figh or tear with't brought such Rhetorick as pre—vails with Heaven.



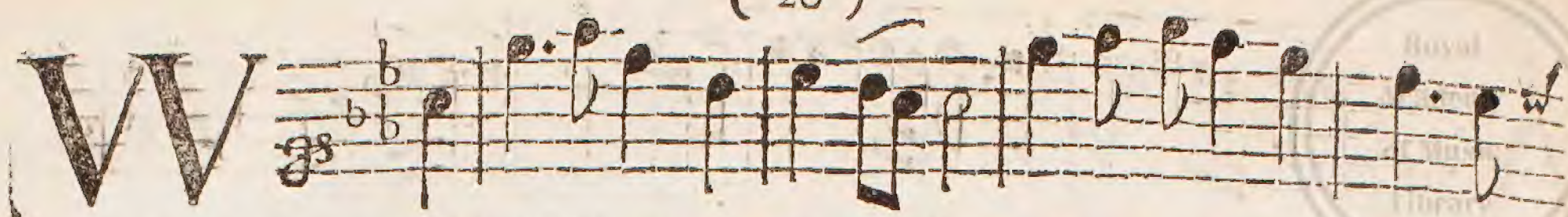
The latter then must be the cause,
Yet how cou'd that her anger move,
So harmless my Petition was,
I only ask't of her her Love,
And now the fatal reason's found,
The greater pain I must endure,
Such folly 'tis to search the wound
That does admit no hopes of cure.

VWith grief and anguish I'me perplex't,
So sad my case on either side,
I had not liv'd had I not ask't,
'Tis worse than Death now I'me deny'd ;
Tell me of neither racks nor wheels,
Tho sharp they bring no lasting pain,
Nor Torments like to that he feels
VWho loves and is not lov'd again.

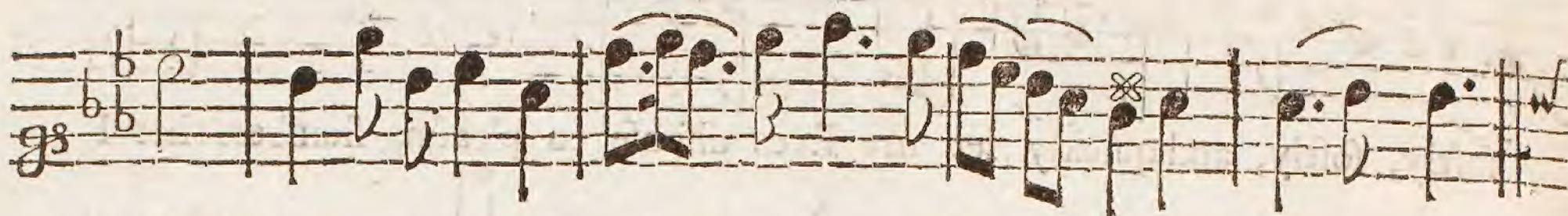
Mr. William Turner.



Mr. D. Sherburne.



Hilft sighing at your Feet I lye, pale and expiring gasp for



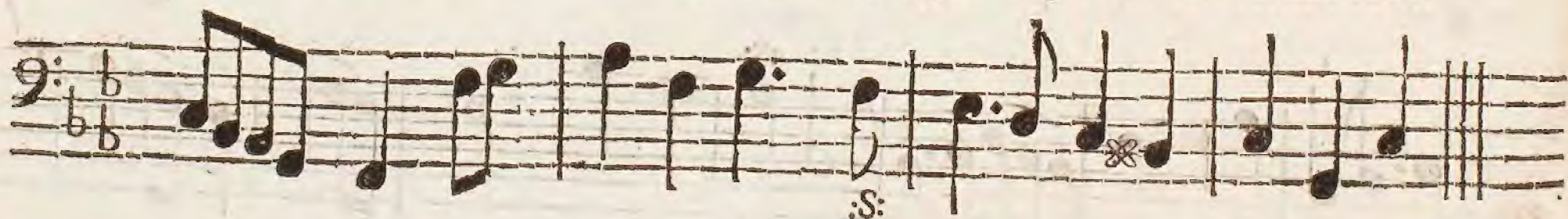
breath, can you relentless see me Dye and glory in your Martyr's Death.



Ah would the Torments I sustain raise but compassion in your Breast,



one pitying look would ease my Pain, and give my Soul E - ternal Rest.



Tho you command me not to live,
 VWhich I with pleasure must obey,
 My Love will after Death survive,
 VWhich Fate or Time can ne're decay,
 And since all hopes of you are lost,
 And Joy with Life must disappear,
 VWhen I'm converted to a Ghost,
 I'll be your Guardian Angel here.

T

Inking *Tom* was an honest Man, tink a tink t- - - - and a

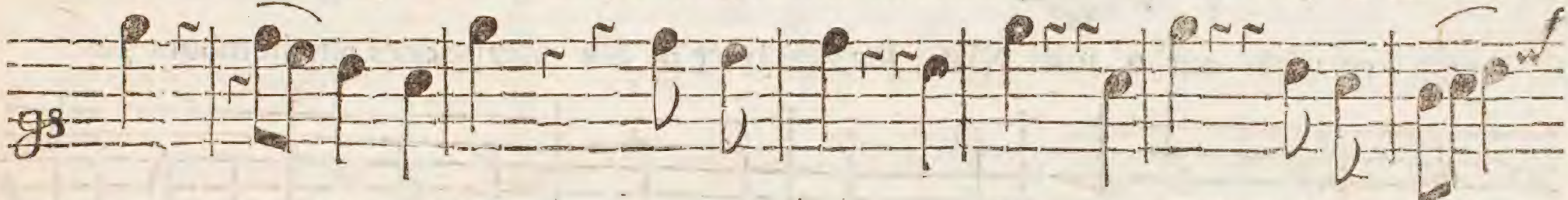
Lad of bon - ny Mettle, he dext'rously cou'd clink the Pan, clink a clink, clink a



clink, and stop, and stop, and stop a hole i'th Kittle, to him did my Ladies



Maid ad - vance, ad - vance, come, come in thou Man of Mettle, a sad mis-



chance, a sad mischance, heres a hole, a hole, a hole in my Ladies

Kettle, *Tom* went to ham'ring on the place, and wrought like a Man, like a

Man, and wrought like a Man, like a Man of Mettle, but when he had done



'twas all a case, all a case, all a case, all a case, there's a hole, there's a

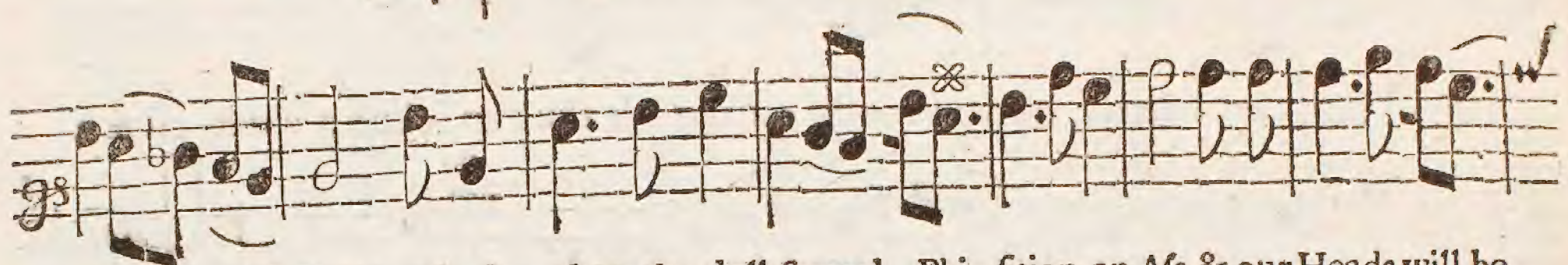
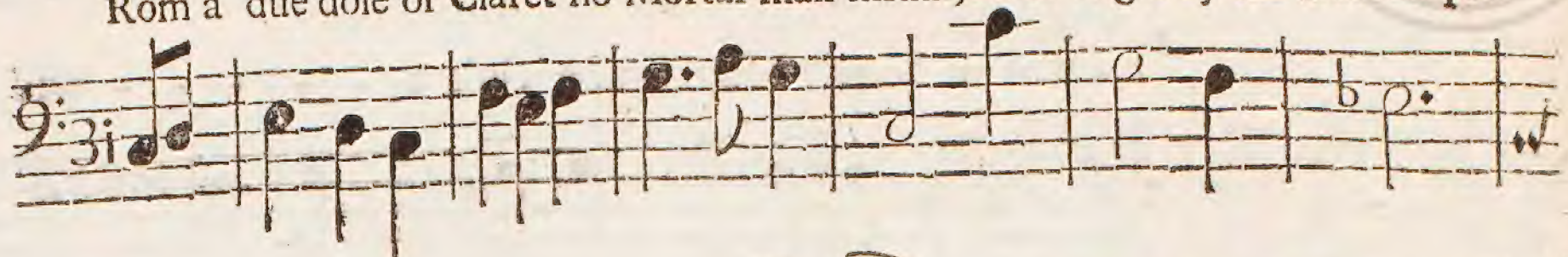


hole in my Ladies Kettle:

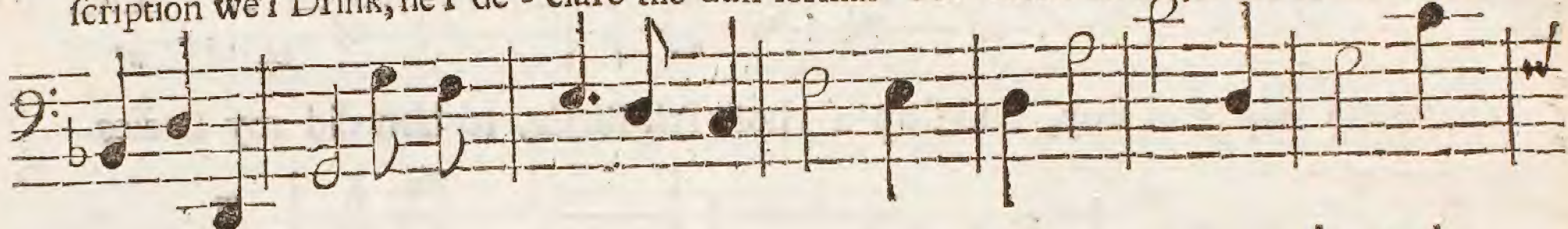
G



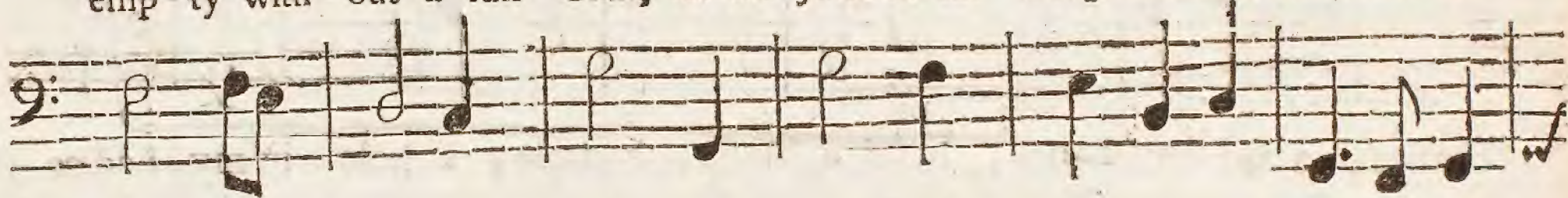
From a due dose of Claret no Mortal shall shrink, for to Night by the Doctors pre-



scription we'll Drink, ne'er de - clare the dull formal Phi - sition an Afs, & our Heads will be



emp - ty with - out a full Glas, for the Juice of the Grape does our humours re-



fine, and our Wits take their quickness from that of our Wine. Then a Dose of Pun-

Chorus.



Then a



tack let no Mortal Dis - pise, then a Dose of Puntack let no Mortals, let no Mortals dis-



Dose of Puntack let no Mortals dis - pise, then a Dose of Puntack let no Mortals dis-



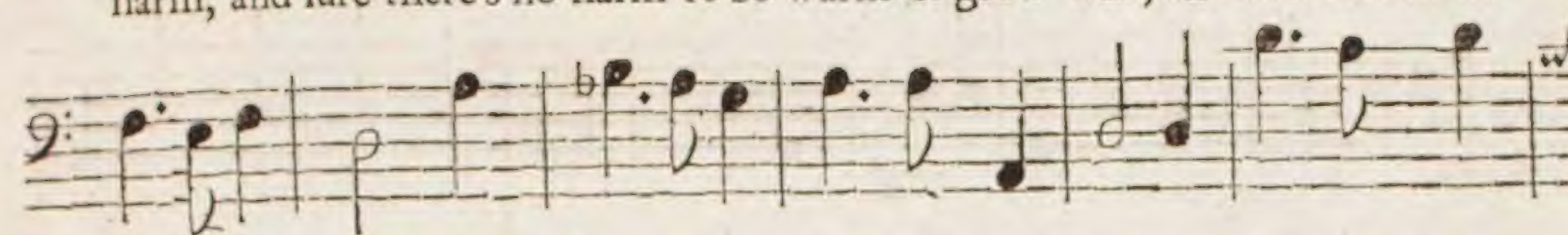
wise, for it kindles the Blood and en - lightens the Eyes, and sure there's no



wise, for it kindles the Blood and en - lightens the Eyes, and



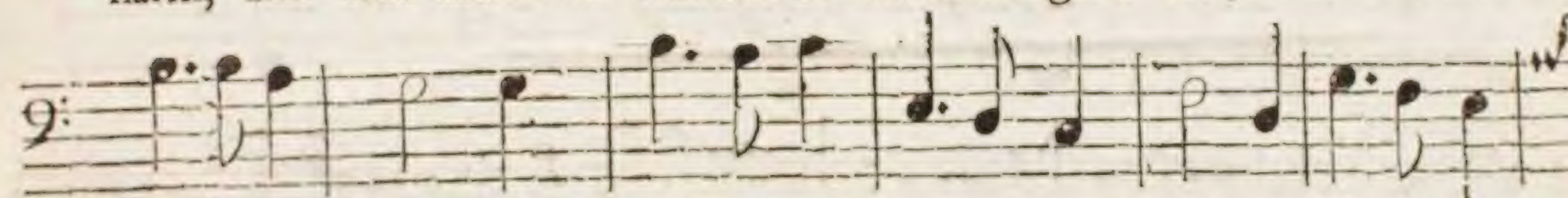
harm, and sure there's no harm to be warm & grow wise, and sure there's no



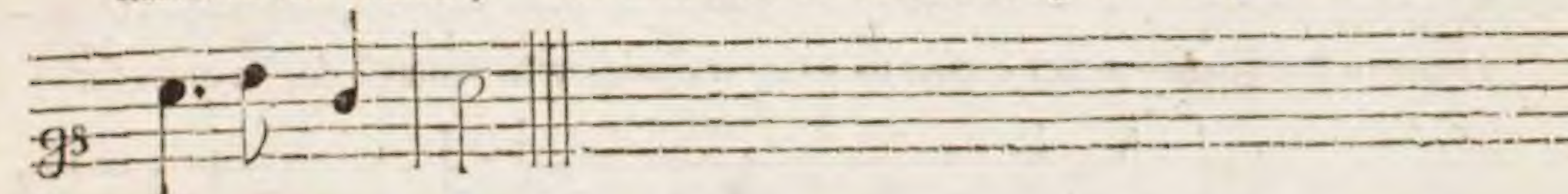
sure there's no harm, no harm to be warm & grow wise, and sure there's no



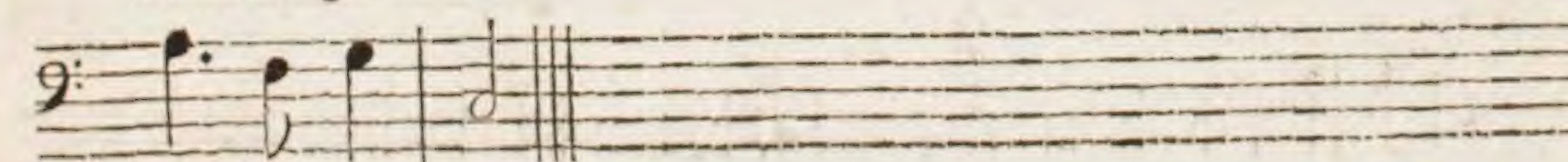
harm, and sure there's no harm to be warm and grow wise, no harm to be



harm to be warm, no harm to be warm and grow wise, no harm to be



warm and grow wise.



warm and grow wise.

Mr. Hen. Hall.

A New Scotch Song, set by Mr. Ackroyd.



Tretch'd upon the Grafs, one Evening as the Sun was Setting, there a pretty



Lafs was Sighing fore in muckle Woe, cruel Fate She cry'd, how long have I a love been



getting, Ife had been a Bride had Fortune smil'd twa years a goe, now what garrs my



Heart to Rue, *Satny* never comes to woo, walladay what mun I do, Ife quite for-



lorn, a - lafs and still as true a Maid as ever I was Born.



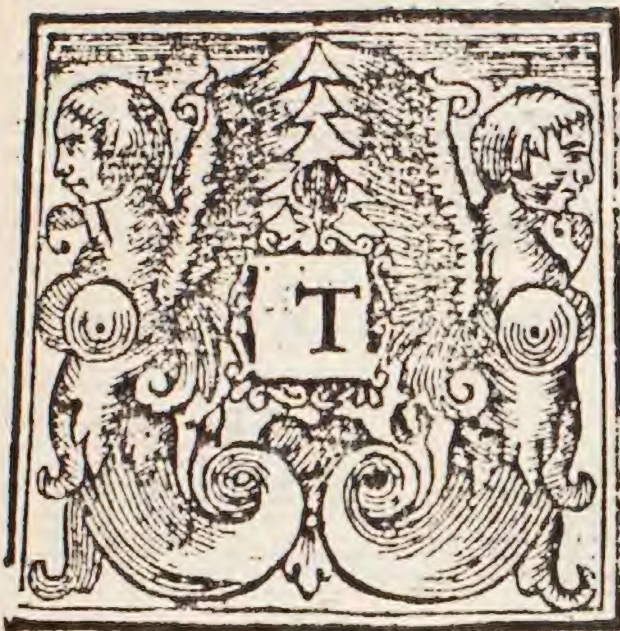
Moggy that was foul
As Hicks o' Leith in Rainy weather,
Yet to make her glad
Has got a Lad full six Foot high.
Jenny black as coal
And Wully Cragg are link'd together,
Ev'ry dowdy Fool
Has always better luck than I,

Yellow, Fair, or Black, or Brow,
Every Trollop now goes down,
Nene is left but I alone;
Ife past Eighteen,
And yet as right a Maid as e're,
The Deek's in aw the Men.

F I N I S.

A Small COLLECTION
OF THE
Newest CATCHES

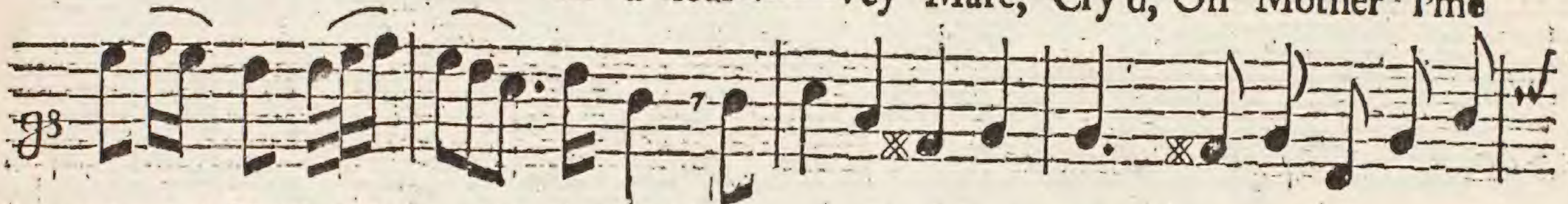
For 3 Voices.



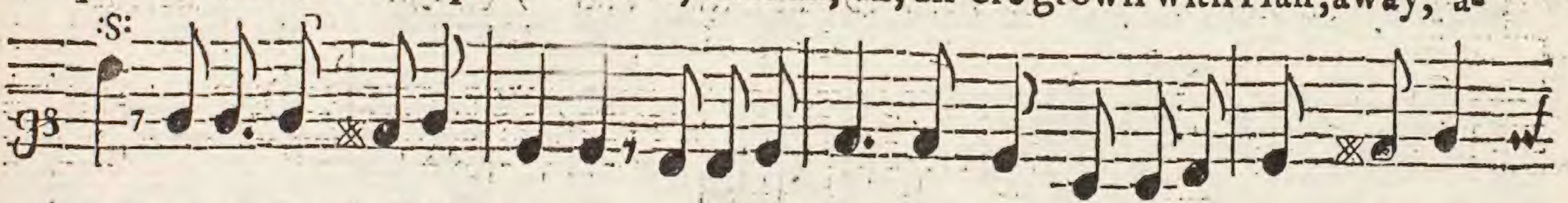
THE Millers Daughter riding to the Fair without a Saddle up-



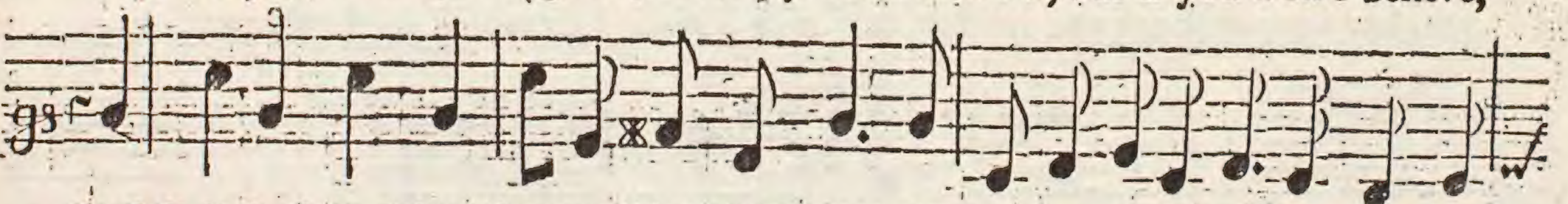
on a scut-vey Mare, Cry'd, Oh Mother I'me



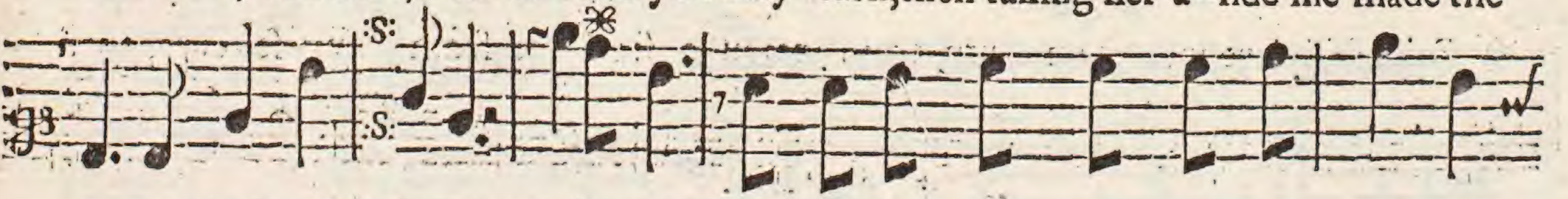
quite un-done, I'me quite undone, I'me all, all, all ore grown with Hair, away, a-



way, away you fil-ly Daughter, 'tis every She's concern, but if you won't believe,



look here, look here, look here and you may learn, then taking her a-side she made the



matter plain, O Mother, O Mother, you'r tentimes worse, you'r tentimes worse, O

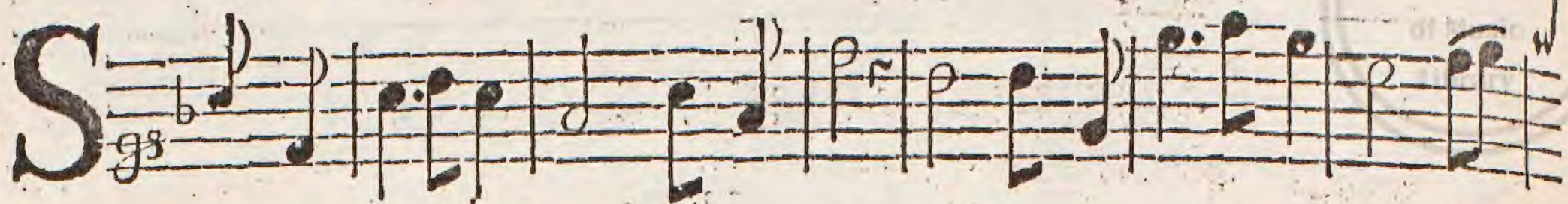


Mother, O Mother, you'r tentimes worse, why sure you rid upon the Main, upon the Main.

Dr. John Blow.

A CATCH for 3 Voc.

By Mr. Henry Purcel.



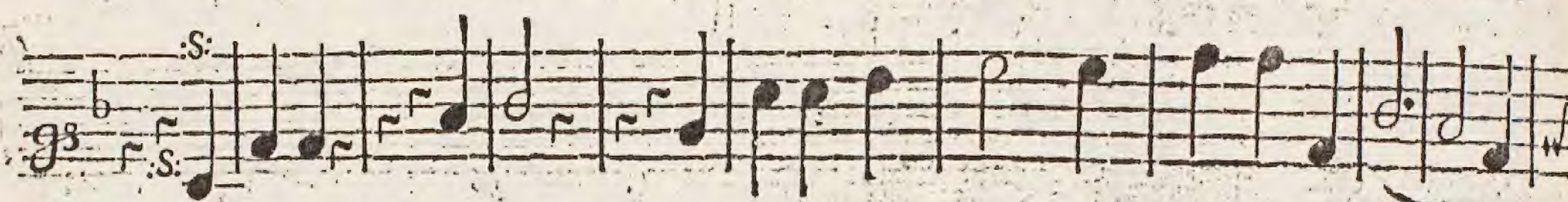
UM up all the de-lights, fum up all, all, fum up all the delights the



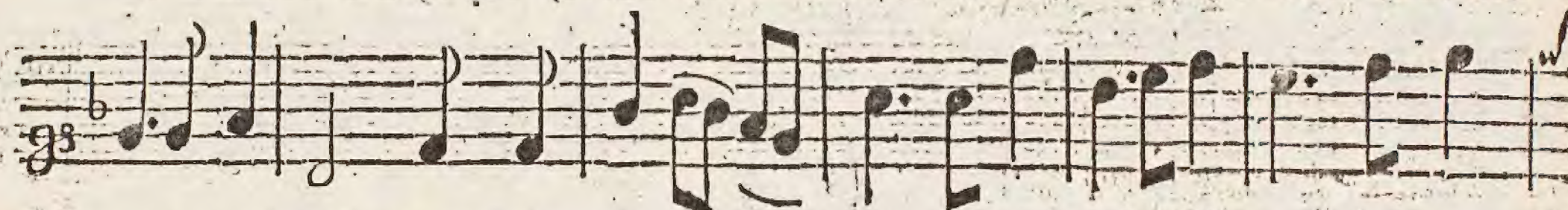
World does produce, the darling allurements now chiefly in use, you'll find when com-



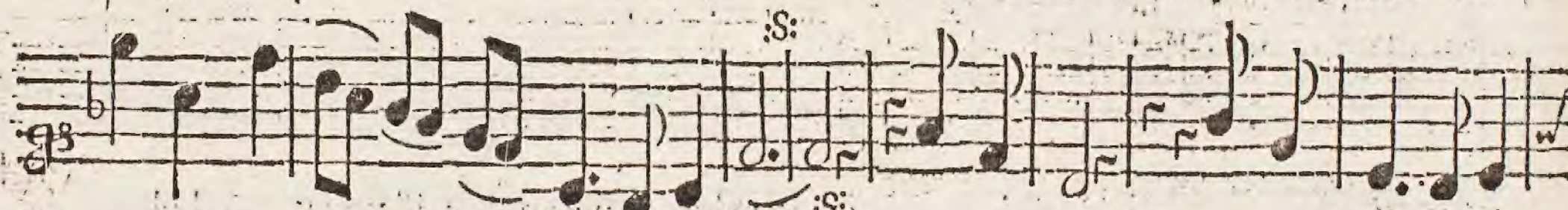
par'd there's none can contend with the solled enjoyment of Bot—tle and Friend,



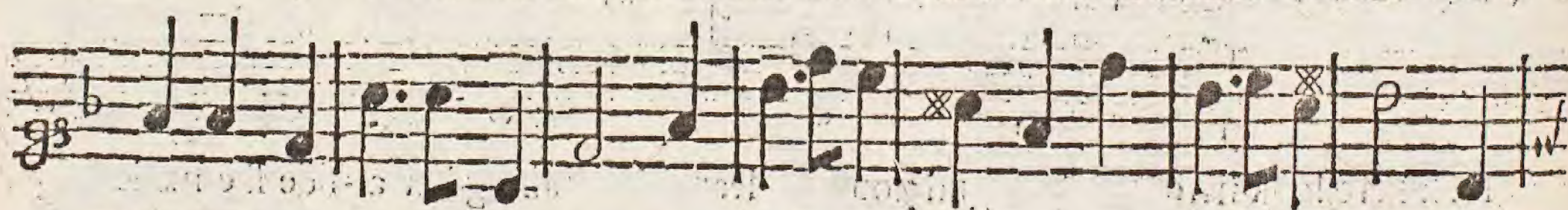
for Honour or Wealth or Beauty may wast, those Joys often Fade but



rarely do Last, they're so hard to at—tain and so ea—si—ly lost, that the



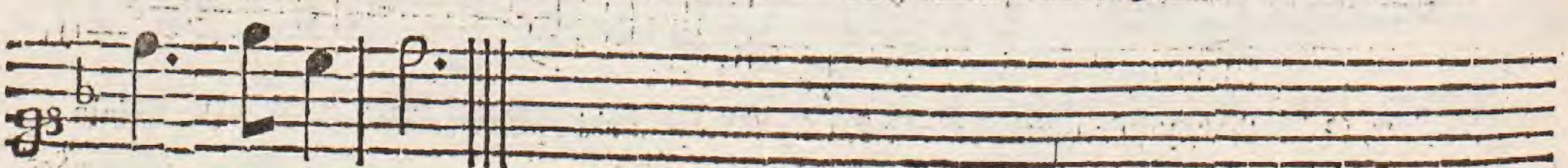
pleasure nere answers the trouble & cost ; none like Wine, none like Wine & true



Friendship are lasting and sure, from Jealousie free, and from Envy se—cure, then

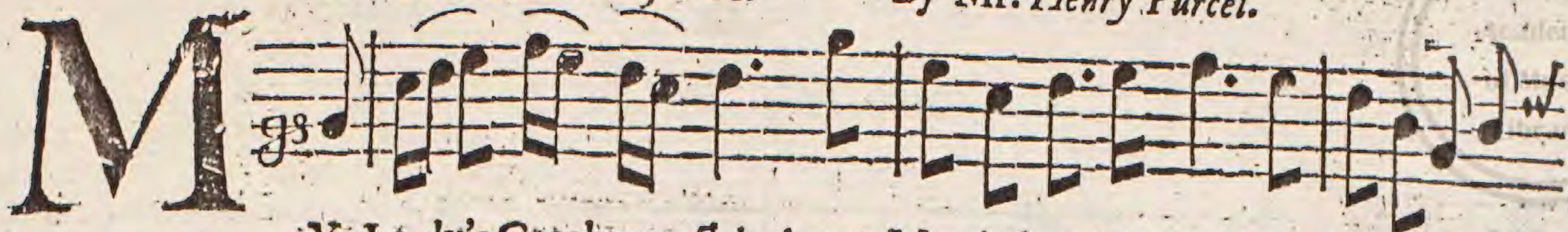


fill up the Glasses un—til they run ore, a Friend and good Wine are the



Charms we A—dore.

(3.)
A CATCH for 3 Voc. By Mr. Henry Purcel.



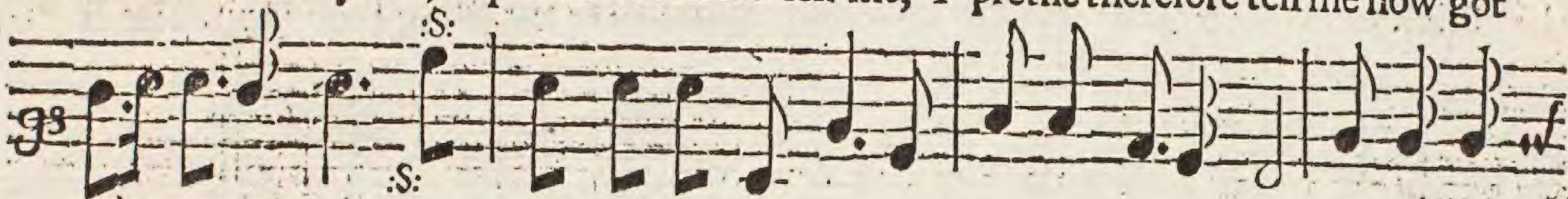
Y La-dy's Coachman *John* being Married to her Maid, her Ladyship did



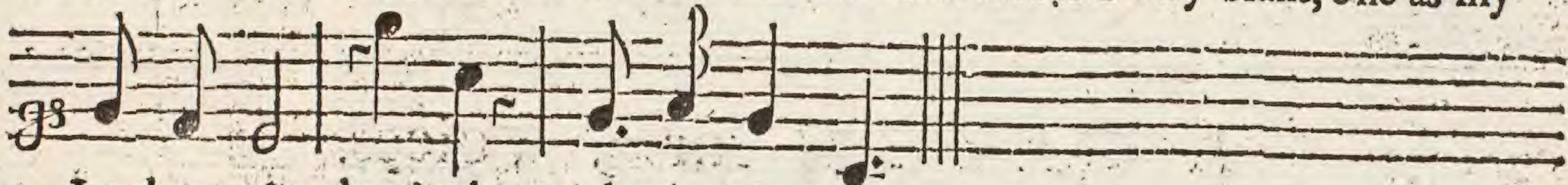
hear on't & to him thus she said, and to him thus she said, I never had a Wench so



handsom in my life, I prethe therefore tell me, I prethe therefore tell me how got

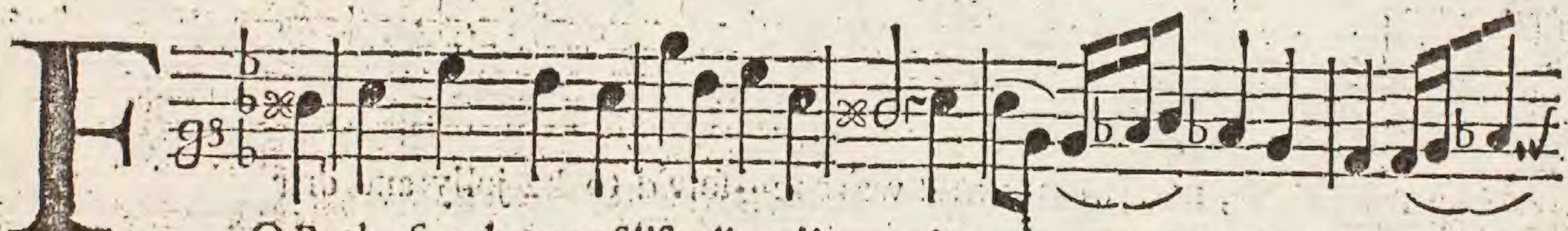


you such a Wife, *John* star'd her in the Face and answer'd very blunt, e'ne as my



Lord got you, how's that? why by the

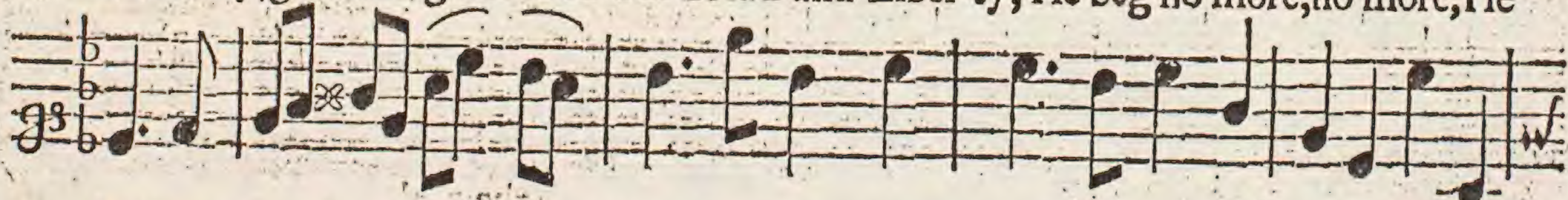
A CATCH for 3 Voc. By Mr. Nicholson.



O R the few hours of life allotted me, give me great God but Bread and



Liber--ty, give me great God but Bread and Liber-ty, I'll beg no more, no more, I'll



beg no more, if more thou'rt pleas'd, if more thou'rt pleas'd to grant, I'll thankfully, I'll



thankfully that overplus receive, if beyond this no more be freely sent, I'll thank for this and



goe a---way content, I'll thank for this and goe, and goe a-----way con---tent

A CATCH for 3 Voices.

By Mr. Henry Purcel.

N O W, now we are met and humours agree, call, call for Wine and loose no
time but lets merry be, fill fill it a-bout to me let it come, fill the Glas to the top i'll
drink ev'ry drop *su-per-na-cu-lum*, a health to the King, round round let it
pass, fill it up and then drink it off like Men, never bauk your Glass.

A CATCH for 3 Voices.

By Mr. Snow.

N O W, now we are met we're re-solv'd to be jolly and drink this brisk
Burdeax & hang Melan-choly, then pass it a-bout its a sin thus to spare it, since
there is both Meat, Drink & Cloth in good Claret, while the zealous and dull by their
Faction's misled, know none of the Joys we have at the King's head.



pp. 7-8, 15-16, [25-28] ie Catches 1-4
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